

MAY, No. 52

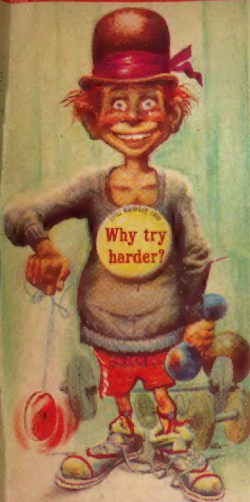
MAR 13

PTA Adventures  
Beat Sketchbook  
Viet Nam TV  
Teen Voters

30¢


PDC

# SICK SPOOF



LET US  
ENTERTAIN YOU





Baseball just hasn't  
been the same since  
Koufax quit.



No. 52

Volume 7, No. 4

May, 1967

## T.V. VIET COMMERCIALS

As if sending some of our more sickening t.v. shows overseas wasn't enough to demoralize our troops, the battle-worn G.I.'s are also forced to view Vietnamese t.v. commercials. Just imagine a "Rent-A-Ricksaw" message: "Let Ky put you in a coolie hat!" "We've become a one-rice-bowl family!" And, in that neck of the Vietnam woods, I'm sure our fighting men wouldn't appreciate having a live tiger in their tank—Especially if they're in the armored division! ..... 4

## THUMB TACK

Our automated artist, Thumbtack, keeps adding to the world's pleasure by turning out thousands of his great space-age cartoons with the Big Look. While his sister, who ran off with a Xerox machine, keeps adding to the world's population explosion, by turning out thousands of little carbon copies! ..... 25

## "BEAT" SKETCH BOOK

Talk about being "beat!" The writer of this article received twenty lashes for turning out this tripe. This weak-hitting expose deals with those seedy types who go around wearing raggedy clothing and hopeless looks on their faces. Of course this description can also fit the average American after income-tax time. .... 32

## P.T.A. ADVENTURES

"The Agony and the Ecstasy" of Parent-Teacher get-togethers. Where parents wring their hands in agony, wondering why little Johnny can't read, and teachers dream of the ecstasy of wringing out little Johnny! Also answers the question as to why their is such a large increase in hookey-playing—among teachers! ..... 37

## MOVIE REVIEW

A review of a totally unknown Dr. Kildare movie. Which remains unknown only because the writer slept through the titles (and the audience slept through the rest!) We wouldn't say it was long, but at its conclusion, several teen-agers in the audience became eligible for Medicare! ..... 29

## WAR TOYS

A "do-gooder" pacifist group sets out to replace war toys with peace toys in American households, and finds out it has a real battle on its hands. Yes, the feathers really fly, as "peaceniks" attempt to put a "Dove" in the playpens of pre-teen "Hawks." The editor chooses to remain neutral on this question, as he is strictly chicken. Oh yes, the writer of this article sent in his copy from a hospital bed, as he was struck from behind with a "Peace" placard..... 14

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Jack Scott, West Coast

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Ivan Golownjew,

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Champlain

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# TELEVISION COMES TO VIET NAM

To boost soldiers' morale, the U.S. Army announced recently that television would be shown to GI's in Viet Nam. They'll see such shows as **Bonanza**, **Beverly Hillbillies** and **Combat** to start with. Later, they might bring in **Gunsmoke**, **Look Up and Live**, **Run, Buddy, Run** and **An Evening With Zsa Zsa Gabor**.

The programs will undoubtedly be good for the soldiers, but sooner or later commercials will find their way into the programming.

Can't you just see Jim Doo Lee, sitting on a diving board in a rice paddy?

Hi, this is Jim Doo Lee. GI's, tired of squatting in the swamps of South Viet Nam? Why not live a little in picturesque Hanoi, the oil dump capital of the slave states.

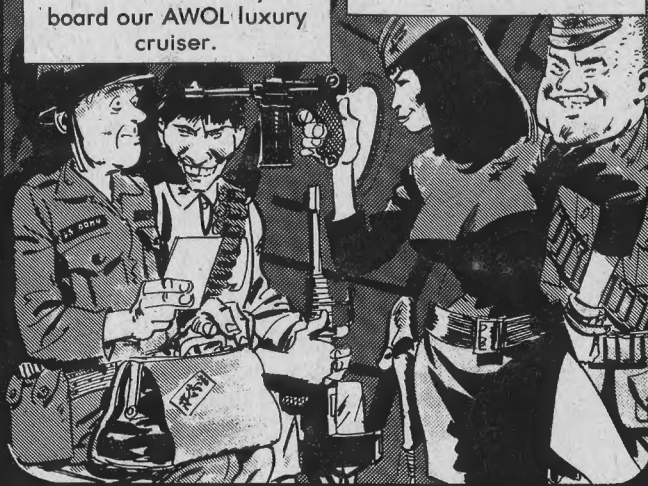
AWOL airlines provides a quick means of escape for war-weary soldiers.

Our friendly, armed hostesses will do everything to make you comfortable once you board our AWOL luxury cruiser.

Yes, AWOL Airlines provides free meals—47 varieties of rice—and takes care of your living in North Viet Nam. We'll think for you. In fact, we won't permit you to think for yourself.

For special platoon rates, see your undercover travel agent and ask about our **Defector's Special Tourist Plan**.

So, GI's, come on up. Go AWOLI



And then there's the military problem that has caused so much dissension in the ranks — **BAD BREATH.**

Art by Angelo Torres  
Script by Bill Majeski

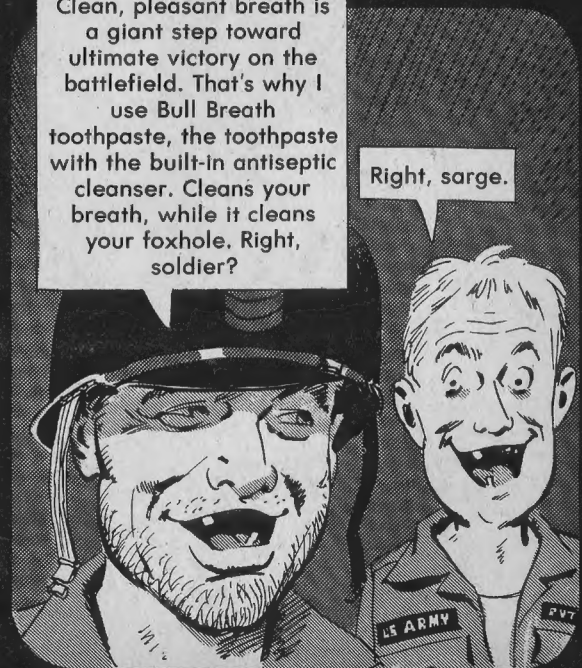
Aw gee, Sarge. I don't want to go on patrol with Private Bascomb any more. He...well...he offends.

You mean...

Yessir. When he whispers instructions to me I cringe in terror, a sudden action which could give our position away to the enemy.

You're right, soldier. Clean, pleasant breath is a giant step toward ultimate victory on the battlefield. That's why I use Bull Breath toothpaste, the toothpaste with the built-in antiseptic cleanser. Cleans your breath, while it cleans your foxhole. Right, soldier?

Right, sarge.



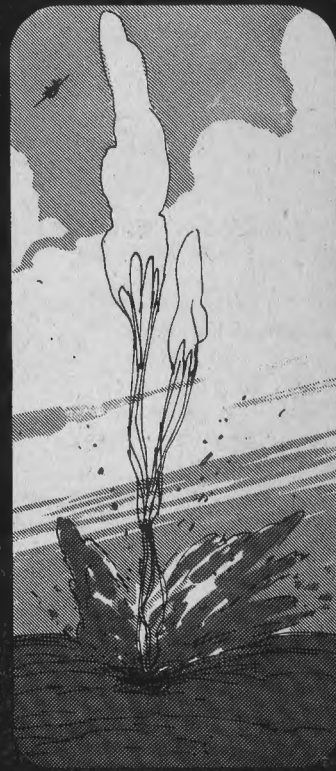
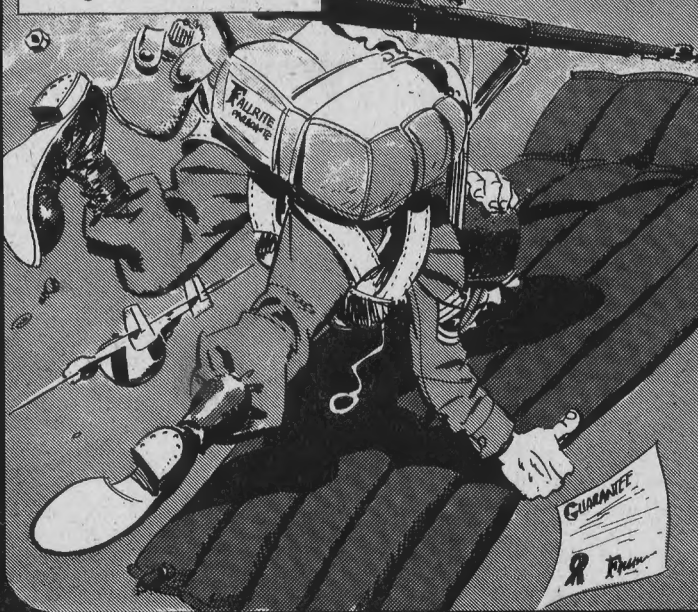
## And the parachute spiel:

Hi, flyboys and air group laddies, hit the silk lately. When it's time to leap out of that big silver bird does your life and the lives of your friends pass before you because you get tongue-tied trying to say Geronomo?

Fallrite Parachutes are the latest for those who want to combine the thrill of free fall with the highest degree of safety. Inflatable mattress is included which opens automatically when you sing out "Geronomo."

Fallrite parachutes are sold at leading Army and Navy surplus stores anywhere. For the one nearest you, look in the yellow pages under the heading—"Yeeeeeeoww!"

Fallrite parachutes—good to the last drop.



## And of course, you'll get the shady pitchman:

Hello out there all you GI cats. This is your old friend Hollywood Harry here to add years to your lives. Now just the other day I got a big shipment of surplus Gardol protective shields. I've been throwing baseballs at them all day and I can't make a dent. Now listen to this once-in-a-lifetime offer...

You send today to me Hollywood Harry for your free trial offer of your invisible shield. Just the thing to taunt the enemy and make him waste ammunition on you. Can you imagine his surprise when his hand grenade bounces back and explodes in his rice paddy?

Yes, let Hollywood Harry add a new zest to your life.

And what do these invisible protective shields cost? Nothing. Get one, try it for 10 days and if you aren't completely unharmed, send it back to me and you'll get double your money back.

Be the first in your regiment to own an invisible protective shield. Why be half safe?



And of course, no series of TV commercials is complete without that Grand Old Lady of Perspiration, Katy Winters.



# SICKCERELY YOURS..



Dear Sick,

Boy, you guys did it this time, and I mean you did it. I was cracking up for almost 30 minutes after reading "The day the Loaner went to Lawredo to join the EF Troop." It was the most "low-rate" great part of your magazine. With reference to the letter of "Junior" Black of Ohio (No. 50), I agree with him. Australia is not part Kangaroo, it is all Kangaroo. They are the most idiotic, unrespectful, irritating, depressing and infantile bunch of Kangaroos (people) in the world and unappreciative of good art.

P.S. Would like a pen pal from any where in the world. Must be a girl.

Phila. with Sick forever,  
Vincent Cofane  
5011 Keyser St.  
Philadelphia, Penn.

*Ed: You're going to get a few from Australia, Believe it!*

Dear Sick,

We have a new organization called H. A. L. O. (Hells Angels Lovers Organization). Anyone can join (especially girls) by just writing either one of us. Please enclose a nickle for postage. The first person to join from Oakland, California, will receive special honors. All members of SICK staff can join free.

Your friends and ours,

Jim Wunderle      Randy Spence  
2064 S. Holland      Box 186  
Springfield, Mo.      Cabool, Mo.

*Ed: Don't count on us.*

Dear Editor,

I liked the spook of the new styles. You

make the Mods look like idiots. You might even make some of these kids come to their senses. Next time be a little more cautious, I wouldn't want to see you go out of business.

Larry Amitin  
8116 Amherst  
St. Louis, Mo.

*Ed: Since our Mod issue, the fashion world reports that Mod is on its way out.*

Dear Sick,

I think your Magazines are real TUFF. Man, you must be a creep if you haven't read a Sick Magazine. Tell Bob Taylor to keep up the good work. Tell all the girl beach bums to write if they dare. I'm 16 years old, 5'5", brown hair, hazel eyes, and I like all the popular bands; like the Monkees, the Raiders, and Herman's Hermits.

P.S. Surfer Girl from Providence, Rhode Island, is really called Jo Ann. But don't let her know I told you.

Neal Tullis Jr.  
125 Ave. F  
Burkburnett, Texas

*Ed: It will be our secret, Neal.*

Dear Gentlemen:

Please put the names of two of my friends in your "Classified Ads, Pen Pals Wanted." Their names are as follows: Jo Anne Padgett who has blue eyes and is 5'6" tall. She would like a boy with a lot of humor and cute. Jo Anne also loves Elvis Presley. Boy should be between 18-21. Please send picture. Barbara Elaine Murphy has brown hair, blue eyes and is

considered crazy. She is about 5'; 16 years old and would like a boy between the ages of 16-17, medium height, and cute. Barbara likes the Herman Hermits and most all rock n' roll. Please send picture. Paul Jones is 12 almost 13, 5'1" with brown hair and blue eyes and is considered very good-looking. He would like girls between the ages of 12-14 yrs. with blonde or brown hair. Please send picture.

*Ed: You said two. We don't like cheaters.*

Dear Sick,

In "Simon Sez," the August issue (#46) you wrote about your new artist, Bob Taylor. As for his cover picture, I thought it was excellent. I also enjoyed his illustrations throughout the magazine, especially those in "Fashion Predictions." About your magazine in general, I think it is improving steadily. One thing I think you need improvement in, however, is your comic-like satires, such as Teenman, where you tell a continuing story. I have enjoyed very few of those. I continually enjoy the stories written by Fred Wolfe.

Allen Lowe  
120 Glengarriff Rd.  
Massapequa Park, N.Y.

*Ed: Those, we hate.*

Dear Edward (Isn't that what Ed stands for?):

I noticed that dog on the cover of your December (#49) issue. My next door neighbor has one just like it.

Jim Hogsett  
701 S. Dobson #295  
Mesa, Arizona

*Ed: Doesn't everybody?*

Je suis un gurgon americain qui vounruit correspondre avec une jeune fille francaise ou cunujiennne. Vous devez avoir de dix septa dix-neuf ans.

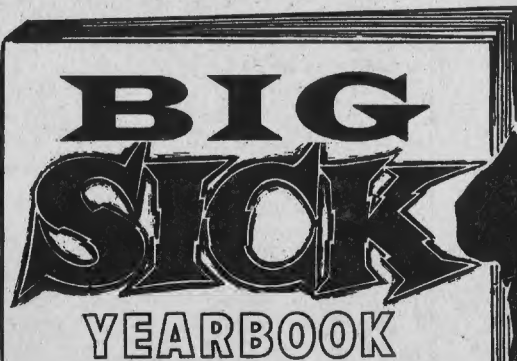
adresse: Box 59  
Kings Park  
New York, U.S.A.  
11754

Quisiera corresponder con una chica espanola o hispano-americana. Debe tener de dieciseis a diecinueve anos de edad.

Div. Box 59  
Kings Park  
New York, U.S.A.  
11754

*Ed: Show-off!*

SPEAK SOFTLY, AND CARRY A



on sale NOW!



featuring COMPLETE PICTORIAL HUMOR HISTORY BOOK

REALLY BIG

VALUABLE BONUS  
2 PAGE FULL-COLOR, GLOSSY  
POP ART MASTERPIECE!

—THE BURNING OF ROME

Painted expressly for SICK by MAD's most famous artist!

features the SICK Laugh King of his time, the ever-popular Nero. It's a two-page glossy extravaganza, ideal for framing, that is worth far more than the 50¢ price of the whole magazine. We urge you to add to your "Let Us Entertain You" collection—or start your collection now!



I've got brand new disks by all the top British rock groups the Beatles, Stones etc. which I will trade for U. S. oldies but goodies, I even want disks from the middle ages, like 1955. So what are you waiting for, write to me. Paul Barrett, 44 Queens Road Penarth, Glamorgan, South Wales, England.

**FREE ART.** Would you like a genuine reproduction of a classic wierdoh in living black and white free? The COMEDY ROUNDTABLE of Winter Haven will send you one. Just send a self-addressed stamped envelope while the supply lasts to: Reginald Crowder, Comedy Roundtable, 2407 Avenue C, S.W., Winter Haven, Florida 33880.

I have paperbacks and comics for sale. Most are science fiction. Send only 10¢ for my new list. Gary Duncan, Box 34-A, Pylesville, Md. 21132.

I'm a *Comic Collector* willing to buy or trade for the following: The first Showcase "Atom" comic book, and Justice League #1. My address is: Richard Foulk, 1054 Archwood Ave., Lorain, Ohio, 44052.

## PEN PALS

**Pen Pal wanted:** Preferably of feminine gender, with long straight hair and kinda short. I am 5'5", have fairly long, light-brown hair and gray eyes. Hobbies, model cars, drawing cartoons and monsters, and collecting noises. I am 17 years old and I like almost everything. I dislike bad art and gabby girls. Mike (pro) Provance, 633 Martha Drive, Anderson, S. Carolina 29621. P.S. I wear Mod style clothing.

**Wanted:** Pen Pal from anywhere. Preferably girls 14-16. But I don't care who writes. Ken Davis, 11470 Biona Dr., Los Angeles, Cal. 90066.

**Attention!!** U. S. citizen stuck in Australia. Would like American girl of around 15 who likes animals, folk music and dislikes Trini Lopez. I am

5'9", dark blonde hair, blue eyes and not too bad-looking. Robin Dannals, c/o Post Office, Elizabeth Town, Tasmania, Australia.

**Wanted:** Pen Pals from anywhere, boys or girls between the ages of 15-18. Donna MacNeu, 19 Franklin Aves. E., Wadert, Minn.

I would like as many pen pals as possible, boys or girls, preferably boys from anywhere, especially Europe. I'm a 15 year old girl with blonde hair which is shorter in back than on the sides and I have green eyes. I like the Rolling Stones, Monkees, black, long hair on boys and dozens of other things. I dislike boys that are conceited when another girl flirts with the boy I like. My address is 2221 Southern Ave., Layetteville, N. Carolina and my name is Kathi Bullard.

Hey, people listen! Everybody loves me so why not join the club. Help make me famous, it will eventually happen anyhow. After all, who can keep a beautiful, talented, intelligent, fourteen year old girl with a sparkling personality, lots of love, and a big head from stepping ahead. So all you other fabulous people write me 'cause I love people. Whether you're a girl or boy, WRITE!! My address is Kat Ogle, P. O. box 164, Natchitoches, La. Send picture too!!

I would like a cute girl Pen Pal or boy pen pal from any part of the country between the ages of 13-15. Likes—any gas powered vehicle, playing the guitar, and playing in my combo. Dislikes—people who are very conceited. Description — blue-green eyes, about 5'7", age 15, not too sharp looking but plays a cool scene. Bob (Me-bob) Baron, 2509 Maple St., Franklin Park, Ill., 60131.

**Pen pals wanted** from anywhere and everywhere. Male or female, any age will do. Will answer all replies. One qualification: Must like rock n' roll. Brad Kovaly, 34 Mattingly Avenue, Indian Head, Md., 20640.

**Wanted:** Pen pals prefer wild males under 19. Likes—beach bums, long hair (boys), surfers, leaders. I am 5'2 1/2", 12 but look at least 14-15, have a few curves (where they belong), long, dirty blonde hair, brown eyes, motorcycle bangs sideburns, cute, weigh 103 lbs., hair, straight. Address: Deborah Sue Chaote, 417 Kathy Dr., Rayne, La. 70578.

**Wanted:** Boy pen pals for cute 16 year old girl. 5'1", 110 lbs., dark brown hair and eyes, good figure and crazy personality. Likes tall, good-looking, clean-cut guys. Hobbies are oil painting, dancing, collecting Saint Christophers. Also likes going barefoot and Beach Boys' albums. Will send picture to all pen pals. Shari Merritt, P. O. Box 42, Rhododendron, Oregon, 97049.

**Must get beautiful 15-17 year-old female pen pal,** preferably with hair. I am an irresistible 5'7", 17 year old, brown hair, brown eyed boy. I like rock n' roll, guitar, girls, Rolling Stones, Yardbirds, parties, girls and more girls (but not in that order). Steve Bodzin, 4816 Myerwood Lane, Dallas, Texas.

**Missing Person:** If you are Sheila who met me in Rock Hill, S. C., around last August 20, please write to me. I

am the guy with the long hair. Steve Bodzin, 4816 Myerwood Lane, Dallas, Texas.

**Sick female pen pal wanted.** Pen pal should be 13-15 years old and like Sick magazine. Also should like boys, the Monkees, dancing, surfing and all other characteristics of a blue blood. About me: I go to Pittsford High and have dark brown hair, hazel brown eyes, 5'4 1/2" tall and love girls. Write to Steve Poinan, 4 Ann Lynn Road, Pittsford, N. Y., 14534.

**Pen pal wanted:** Girl from 19-21. Am a college student, excellent in football. Work-out with weights. Danny Friedman, 1110 Carroll Place, Bronx 56, Wanted: Cute girls 18-20, long blonde N. Y.

**Wanted:** Cute girls 18-20, long blonde hair if possible. Collegiate dress. Please send picture. My description: 20 yrs. old, 5'9", brown hair and eyes. Marine Corp. Dig Jazz and dancing. Address: Pvt. Latina S.L. 2244613, MCB-Supply School, c/o Monford Point, Camp Lejune, N. Carolina, 28542.

Would like slick chick Sick-nik for pen pal (age 17-19). My hobbies are collecting subways, stepping on rotten bananas, giggling in church, thinking bad things, and sculpturing in hardened egg-whites. Am unbelievably handsome, my I.Q. is 517, and my personality makes John Lennon blush. I like chocolate. Ralph, King of the World, 54 Hemlock St., Arlington, Mass., 02174.

**Wanted for pen buddy:** Scrumptious blonde with great figure; sense of humor. Must be sexy and like Bob Dylan. Description: sex-plenty, weight-145, height 5'06", eyes-hazel, hair-brown. Please send picture. Write to: Caldwell Grundlume, P. O. 1851, University Station, Charlottesville, Va. 22903.

I want to be a Sick pen pal! Here is some information of myself: Age, 18, height-5'8", weight-165 lbs., eyes-blue, hair-brown, present occupation-dish-washer. Former school-Linden Hill, and my draft classification is 4f. I like rock n' roll, salesmanship, soda, hamburgers and french fries. My dislikes are an employer, a high school principal, high school, vocational training, cleaning garbage pails, potato salad, and quiet. I ain't never passed no inglesh xam! Burton Lerner, 226 Linda Ave., Hawthorne, N. Y. 10532.

**International fugitive, 16,** on the run would like to correspond with anyone who is not chasing him. (That means you!) I will tell all about my life while on the run and also why I am running! Send letters and anything else (except police) to: Bob Rozakis, 72 Joan Court, Elmont, N. Y. 11003.

## SEND PIX

● Readers searching for "pen pals" now have an opportunity to correspond with interesting and "hip" people all over the international scene. Send in your snapshots. We will print them if they are suitable for reproduction. Only don't send any valuable snapshots as none can be returned.

A  
B  
C

For those of you who have inquired where we get the ideas for putting together these A B C's of the Great Society, we'd like you to know it's strictly a group effort. The writer copies the letters off his kindergarten blocks, and the artist

fills in the rest. (Our writer is a nursery school drop-out).

So, if you thought these poems were bad before, here's your chance to find out how things can always get verse!



# the Great Society

Script by Fred Wolfe

Art by Al Scaduto

A

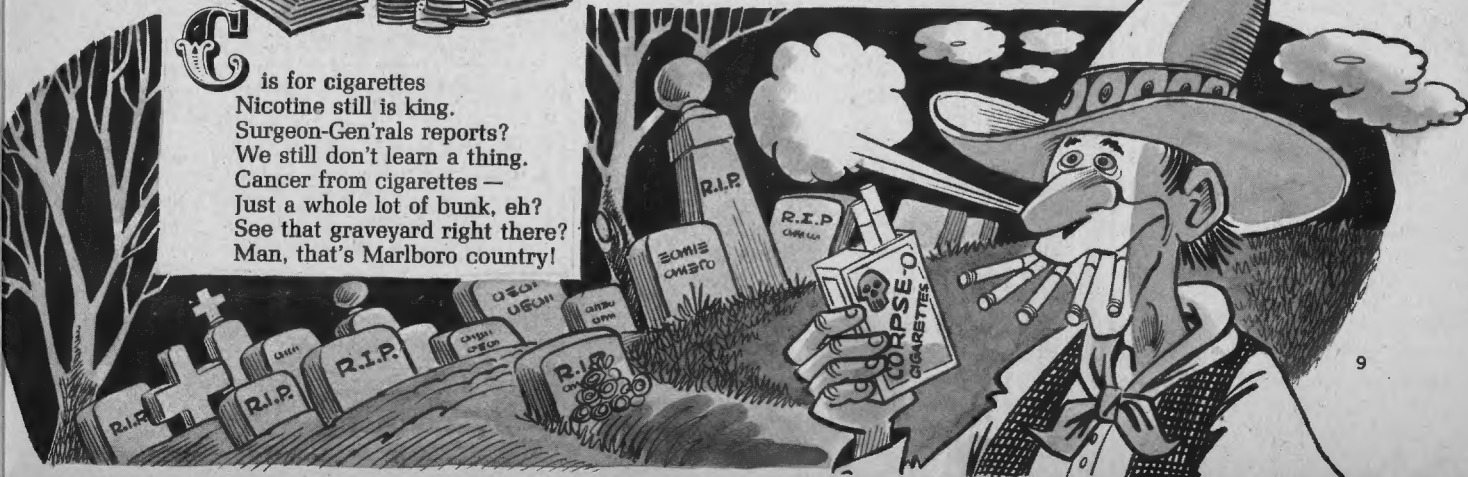
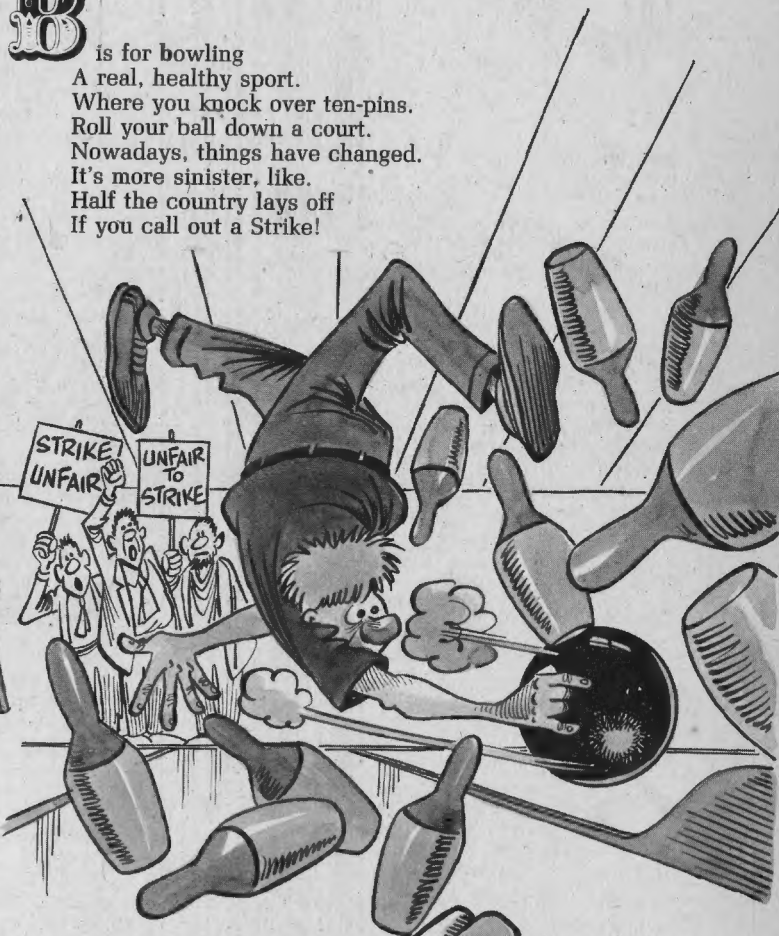
stands for "Action"  
"Where The Action Is!"  
It's a teen-ager's program.  
Coolest thing in show-biz.  
Soon, the cast and the sponsors  
Will get rich as Midas.  
From this kid discotheque  
Where they worship St. Vitus!

B

is for bowling  
A real, healthy sport.  
Where you knock over ten-pins.  
Roll your ball down a court.  
Nowadays, things have changed.  
It's more sinister, like.  
Half the country lays off  
If you call out a Strike!

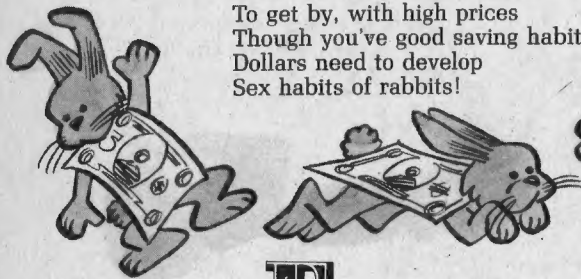
C

is for cigarettes  
Nicotine still is king.  
Surgeon-Gen'ral's reports?  
We still don't learn a thing.  
Cancer from cigarettes —  
Just a whole lot of bunk, eh?  
See that graveyard right there?  
Man, that's Marlboro country!



**D**

stands for your dollar  
That had value one time.  
Pretty soon, this same buck  
Won't be worth a thin dime.  
To get by, with high prices  
Though you've good saving habits.  
Dollars need to develop  
Sex habits of rabbits!



**E**

stands for Emmy  
An "Oscar"-type prize.  
Won by t.v. performers  
For top gals and guys.  
But the viewers should get  
A special award.  
Yes, a medal of honor  
For "Outstandingly bored"!

Z-Z-  
Z-Z-Z  
Z-Z-Z-Z



**F**

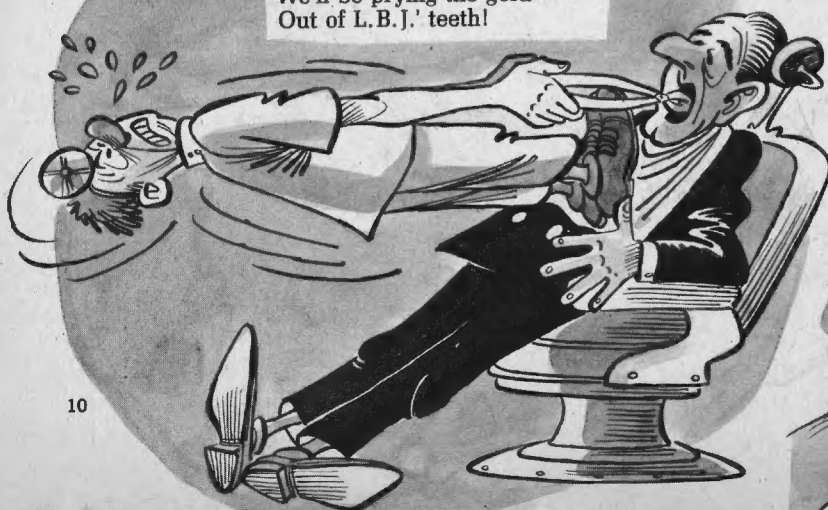
stands for "Frankie"  
The head of his clan.  
A modern Huck Finn  
With a grin on his pan.  
He just married this youngster.  
There's a problem, I hear.  
What will Frank's daughter call her?  
Do you think, "Mamma Mia?"

RING-A-  
DING-DING!



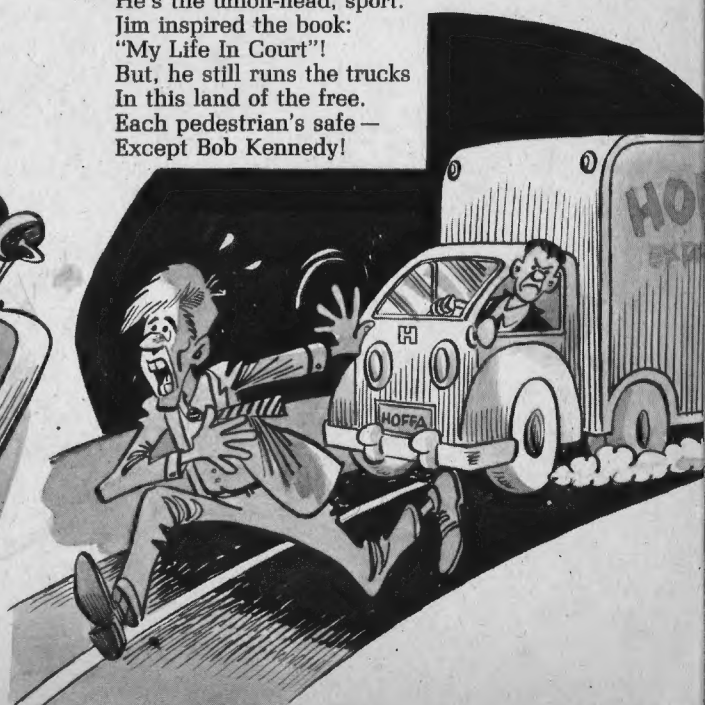
**G**

stands for gold  
Getting more precious, yet.  
Gold keeps flowing to Europe.  
And to pay for Viet.  
If things keep on this way  
On Fort Knox, hang a wreath.  
We'll be prying the gold  
Out of L.B.J.' teeth!



**H**

stands for Hoffa  
He's the union-head, sport.  
Jim inspired the book:  
"My Life In Court!"  
But, he still runs the trucks  
In this land of the free.  
Each pedestrian's safe—  
Except Bob Kennedy!





**I**

stands for I.Q.  
That's intelligence, son.  
Just thought of an idea  
Guaranteed for some fun.  
Before they take office.  
But, of course, I just jest.  
What if all Congressmen  
Had to pass I.Q. tests?



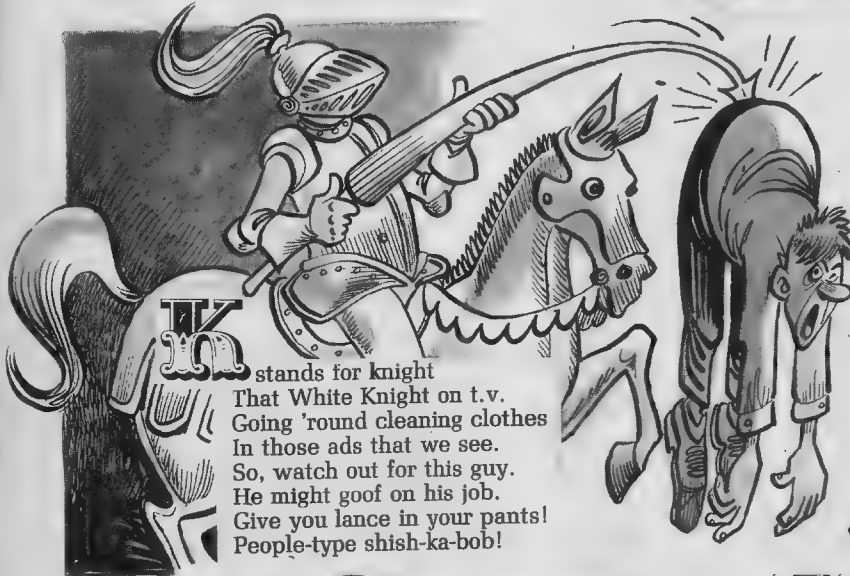
**J**

stands for July  
Independence time, see?  
On the Fourth of July  
We declared we were free.  
But, the British have won!  
Beatles have us enraptured.  
Paul Revere! Spread the word!  
Teen America's captured!



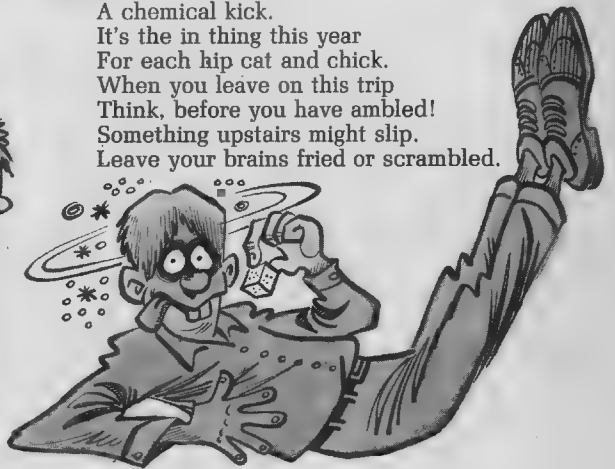
**L**

is for L.S.D.  
A chemical kick.  
It's the in thing this year  
For each hip cat and chick.  
When you leave on this trip  
Think, before you have ambled!  
Something upstairs might slip.  
Leave your brains fried or scrambled.



**K**

stands for knight  
That White Knight on t.v.  
Going 'round cleaning clothes  
In those ads that we see.  
So, watch out for this guy.  
He might goof on his job.  
Give you lance in your pants!  
People-type shish-ka-bob!



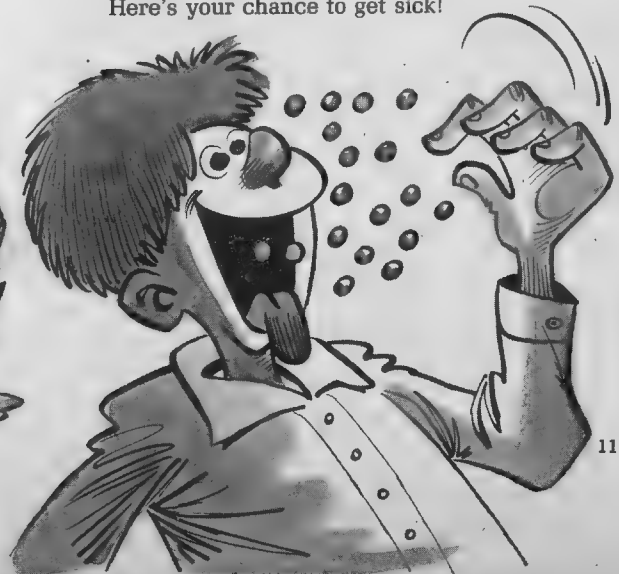
**N**

is for No-Doze  
A stay-awake pill.  
Some will take it for pep.  
Others, just for a thrill.  
Eating goof-balls like candy's  
A popular kick.  
Even if you are well —  
Here's your chance to get sick!



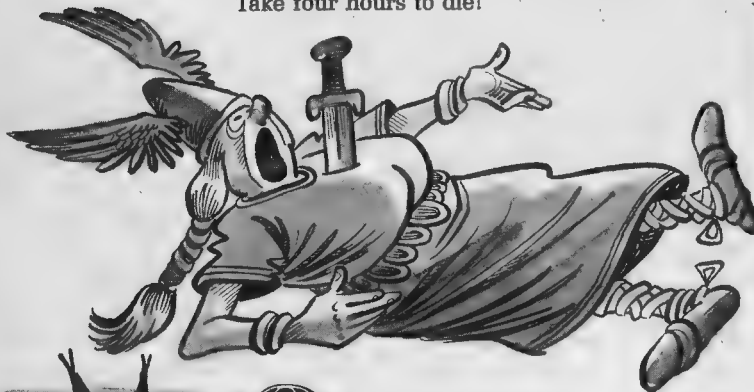
**M**

is for mini-skirt  
Makes the fellas all sweat.  
Makes each doll look as cute  
As a drum-majorette.  
"Micro-skirt's" on its way  
From the British Isles, Mabel.  
It's a pert little skirt  
That goes up to your navel!





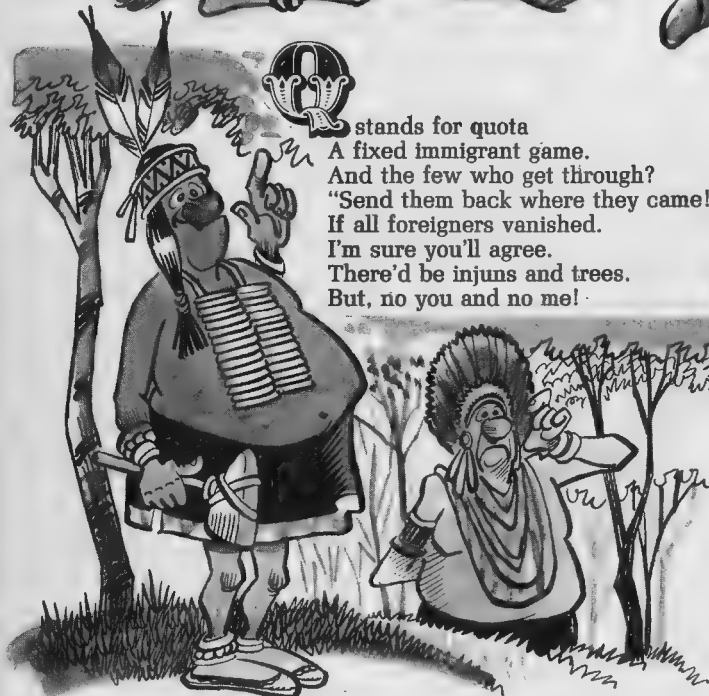
**O** stands for Opera  
 Referred to as Grand.  
 Where those mezzo-sopranos  
 Outshout a large band.  
 They get mortally stabbed.  
 Av'rage person, goodbye!  
 But, these zombies keep singing.  
 Take four hours to die!



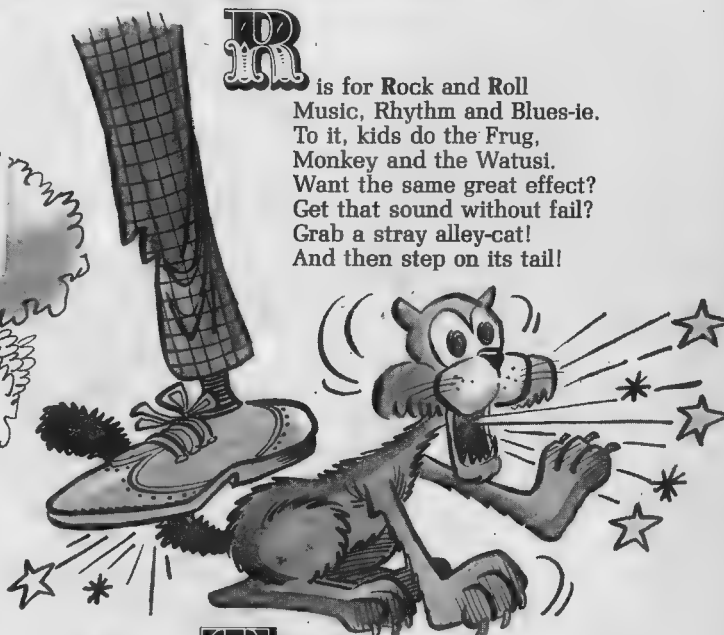
**P** stands for Playboy  
 Like in Playboy Club.  
 Where the bunnies run loose.  
 But, aye, there's a rub.  
 Mustn't touch the cute wild-life!  
 Or, they'll give you the gate-oh!  
 Though you spend loads of lettuce  
 You don't get the tomato!



**Q** stands for quota  
 A fixed immigrant game.  
 And the few who get through?  
 "Send them back where they came!"  
 If all foreigners vanished.  
 I'm sure you'll agree.  
 There'd be injuns and trees.  
 But, no you and no me!



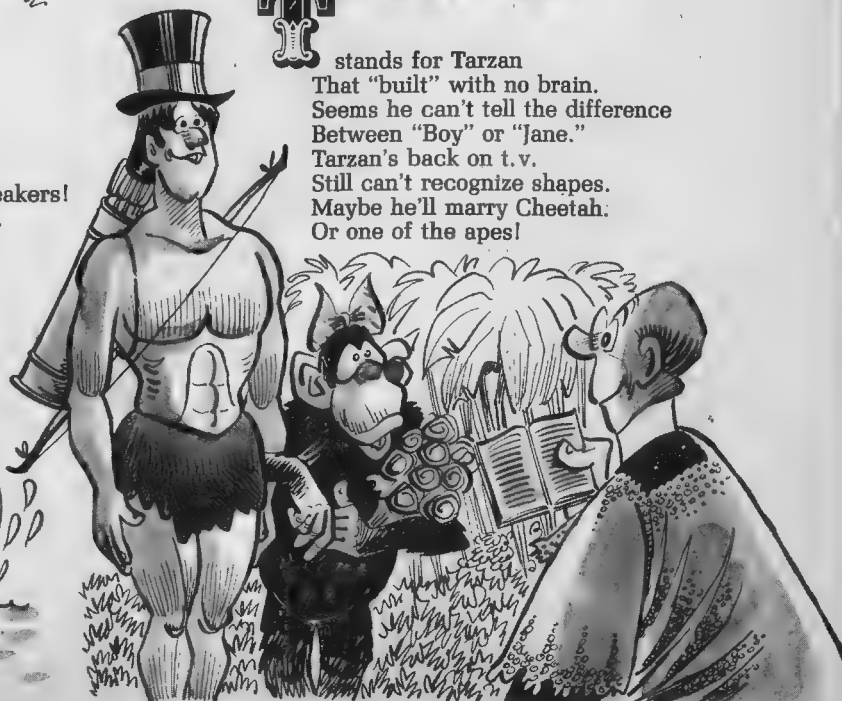
**R** is for Rock and Roll  
 Music, Rhythm and Blues-ie.  
 To it, kids do the Frug,  
 Monkey and the Watusi.  
 Want the same great effect?  
 Get that sound without fail?  
 Grab a stray alley-cat!  
 And then step on its tail!



**S** stands for surfing  
 Riding high on a wave.  
 Look at me, ma! No hands!  
 On my wild wooden stave.  
 But, watch out for those breakers!  
 If your board slips, beneath.  
 You'll be pounded by surf.  
 Look at me, ma! No teeth!



**T** stands for Tarzan  
 That "built" with no brain.  
 Seems he can't tell the difference  
 Between "Boy" or "Jane."  
 Tarzan's back on t.v.  
 Still can't recognize shapes.  
 Maybe he'll marry Cheetah.  
 Or one of the apes!



**U**

stands for Ulysses  
A book that was banned.  
'Fraid they're still bawling books  
In this Puritan land.  
Now, they'll throw you in jail  
If your ads are too spicy.  
There can be smut inside.  
But just advertise nicely.



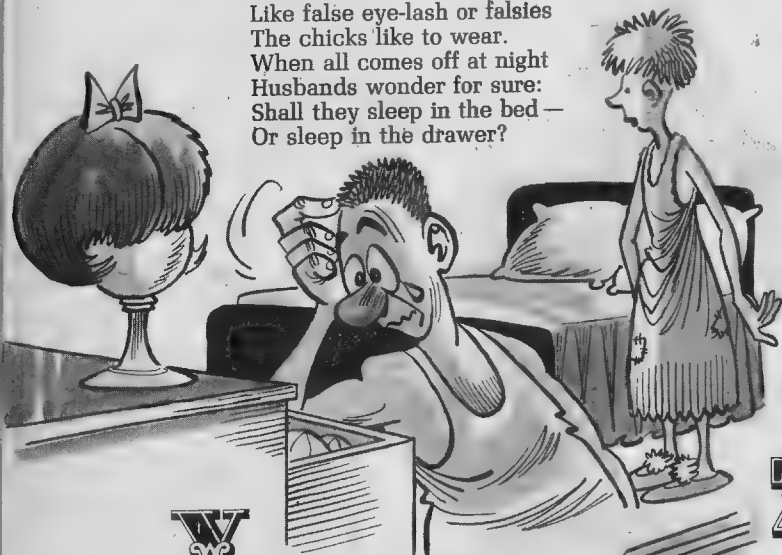
**V**

stands for vendetta  
Vengeance, Italian Style.  
Where they never let up.  
Chase their victims a mile.  
Yes, they come after you  
With their knives and their axes.  
Then, cut off a big slice!  
Here, it's called income taxes.



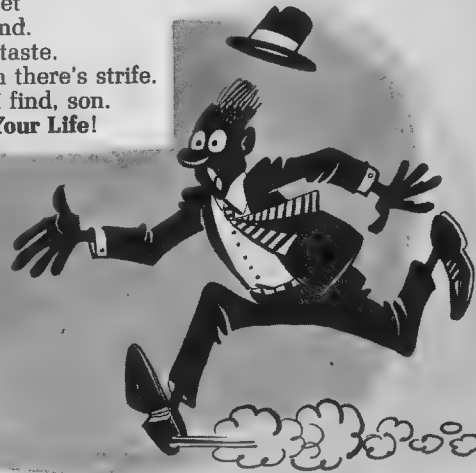
**W**

is for wigs  
A false head of hair.  
Like false eye-lash or falsies  
The chicks like to wear.  
When all comes off at night  
Husbands wonder for sure:  
Shall they sleep in the bed —  
Or sleep in the drawer?



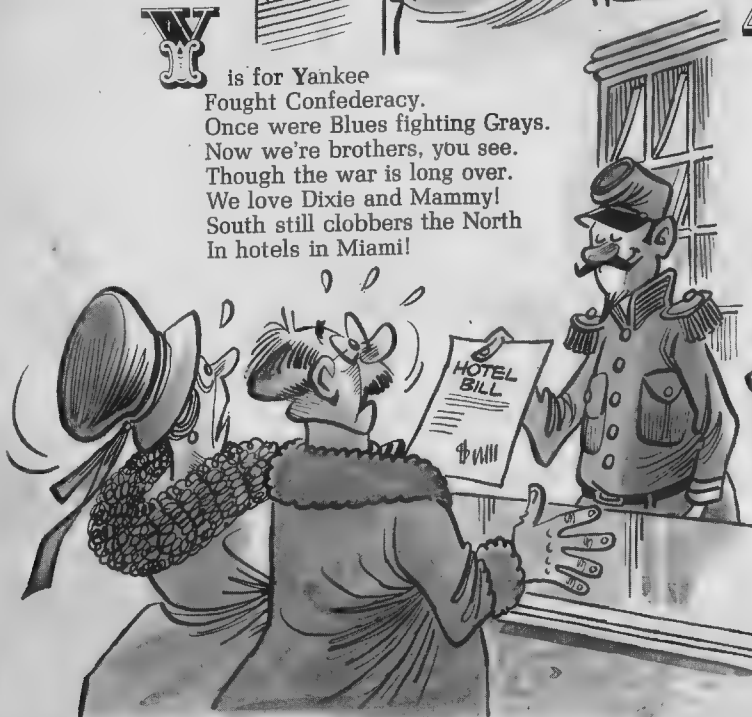
**X**

stands for Ex-Lax  
That's a laxative, friend.  
If your tummy's upset  
It gets you, in the end.  
Pleasant choc'latey taste.  
Take too much, then there's strife.  
That's no fun, you'll find, son.  
You must Run For Your Life!



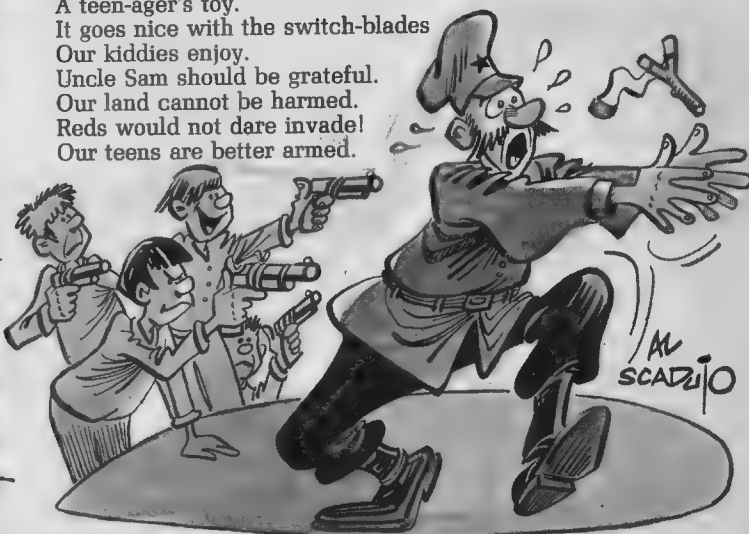
**Y**

is for Yankee  
Fought Confederacy.  
Once were Blues fighting Grays.  
Now we're brothers, you see.  
Though the war is long over.  
We love Dixie and Mammy!  
South still clobbers the North  
In hotels in Miami!



**Z**

is for zip-guns  
A teen-ager's toy.  
It goes nice with the switch-blades  
Our kiddies enjoy.  
Uncle Sam should be grateful.  
Our land cannot be harmed.  
Reds would not dare invade!  
Our teens are better armed.

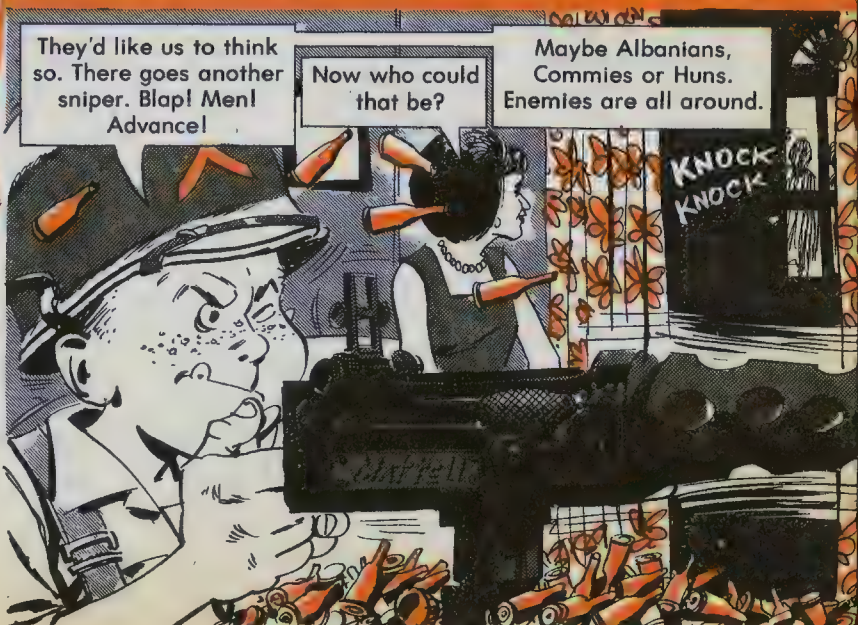


This is the time of year that militant pacifist groups make their annual forays to destroy war toys. In their own unique scheme, these groups trade non-warlike toys for war-like toys received as presents from parents and relatives. Not only do these groups exchange the toys, but they actually take hammers and destroy the threatening tanks, guns, bazookas right before the very eyes of the children—after, of course, making the trades. This is designed to add impact to their campaign to wipe out war-type toys. Let's look in now and see how a group like this operates, in its drive to stamp out war toys received by children at Christmas-time.



# ANNUAL DESTROY-THE-WAR-TOYS PROGRAM

Art by Angelo Torres  
Script by Bill Majeski





We come bearing gifts to destroy war.

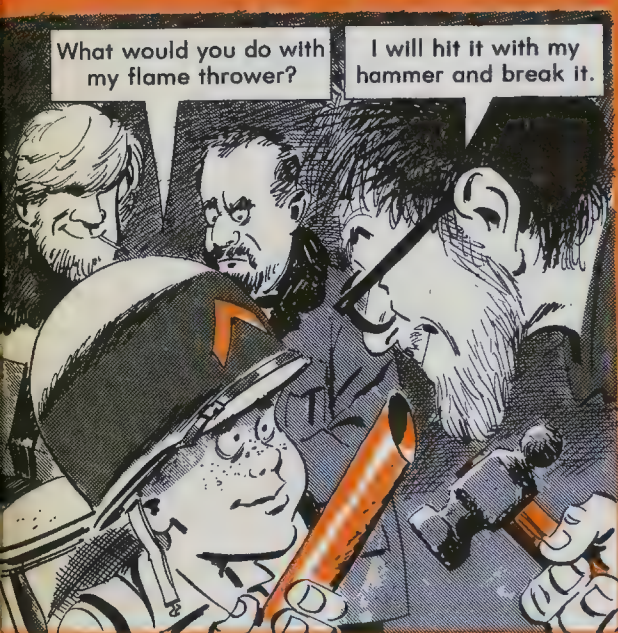
We would like to trade peaceful toys for your warlike items which bring dark clouds over humanity.



Would you like a pulltoy for your flame thrower?

My flame thrower wouldn't have any use for a pulltoy.

I mean I'll give you a pulltoy if you give me your flame thrower. You know, a swap.

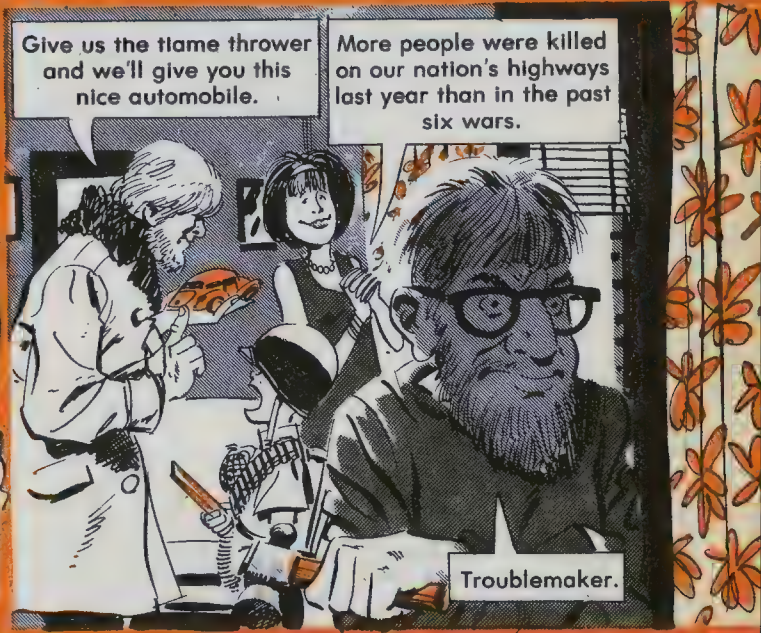


What would you do with my flame thrower?

I will hit it with my hammer and break it.



Usher, evict this man.



Give us the flame thrower and we'll give you this nice automobile.

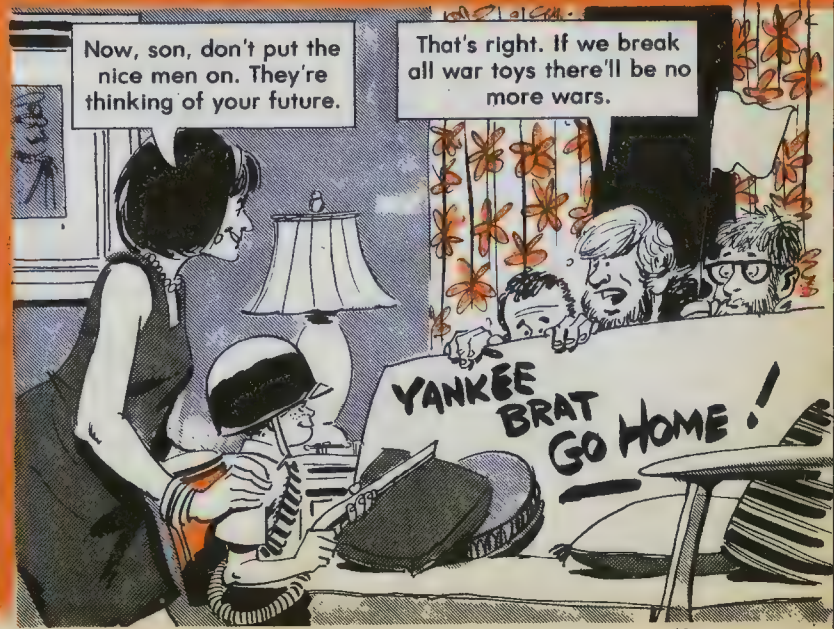
More people were killed on our nation's highways last year than in the past six wars.

Troublemaker.



Look, kid. We'll give you two cars, a Betsy-Wetsy doll, a Mr. Cookie car wash, a passenger plane...

Hey, that's a keen plane. Just like the one that went down in Argentina taking 89 lives. You sure you want to part with that? It's a winner...



Now, son, don't put the nice men on. They're thinking of your future.

That's right. If we break all war toys there'll be no more wars.

YANKEE BRAT GO HOME!

At least there won't be any wars in department stores. Mommy, that cluck with the hammer scares me.

Just keep the cannon handy, son. Look, fellows, you're scaring my boy. He's upset.

Yeah, from battle fatigue.

You want to be reported to your superior officer? Look, they don't sell war toys in India, Pakistan, Viet Nam and other sterling resort areas that fight.

Come on, kid. We'll give you all these toys for all your toys. Ours retail for \$76.35 while yours are only worth \$65.13.



Yes, but this double-dealing death ray has sentimental value.

He's right, son. Trade the war toys in. Besides, look at these nice gifts. You've always wanted a real-life toy restaurant with a flesh-colored waitress in a starched uniform.

Does the place have "No Tipping" signs posted?

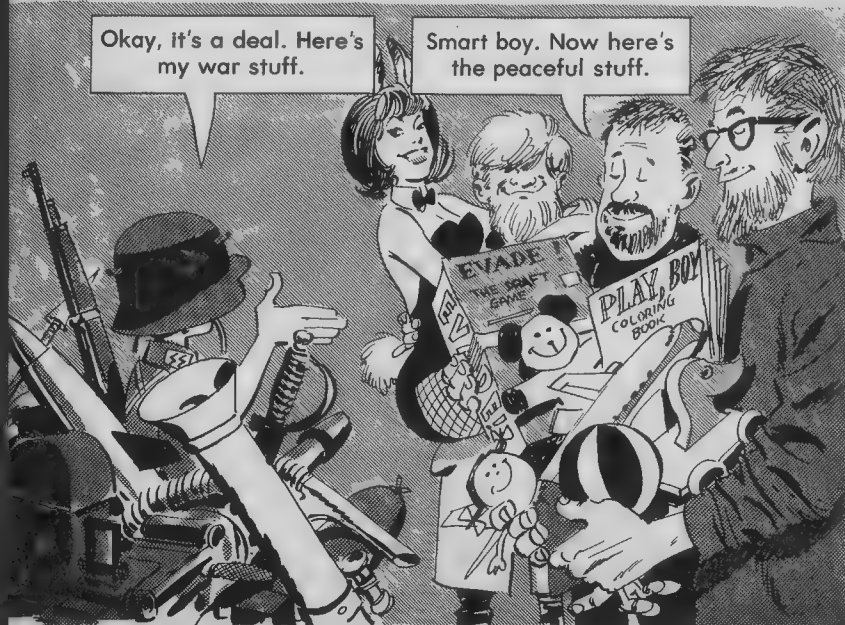
Of course, kid. Look!



Okay, it's a deal. Here's my war stuff.

Smart boy. Now here's the peaceful stuff.

Now to drive home the message. Ready, aim, fire!





I hate you,  
lousy war toy!

Dirty, stinking  
gun-bearer!

I'm putting my topkick in  
for a Purple Heart, Mom.

There, there, son.  
War is heck.

Lousy little toy soldiers!  
Take that!



Easy, easy! Mom, hasn't  
he ever heard of overkill?

Destruction oriented..  
hate-filled..warmongering  
doodads! Rotten..  
aggressive..



Look at that mess. Have  
to clean that.



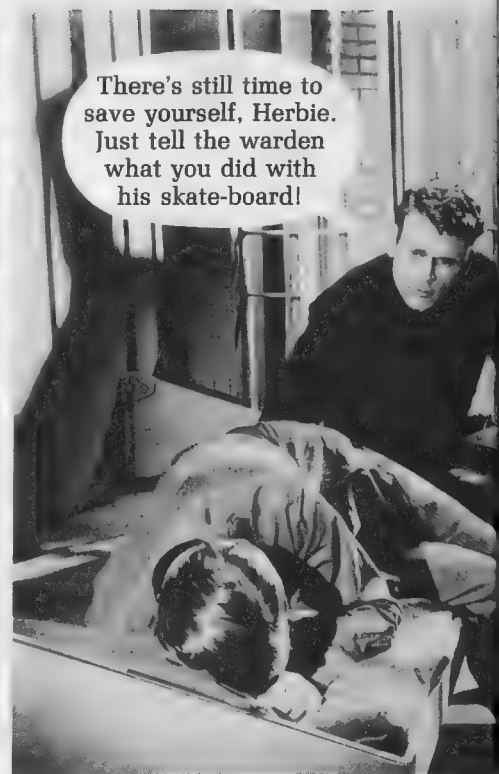
Look out! She's got a  
machine gun!

Cover me, I'll get the  
bazooka.

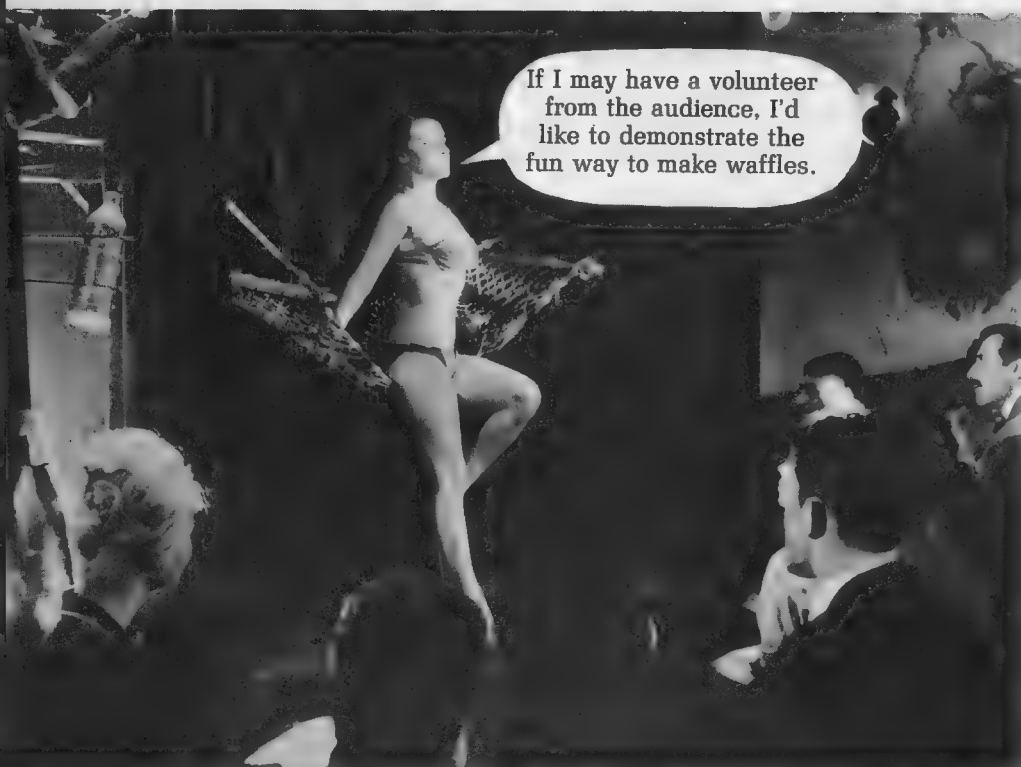


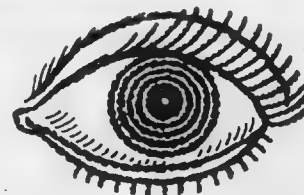
We got 'em on the run,  
buddy!

You know it, Sarge. Take  
that, you yellow-livered...  
take that..and that...



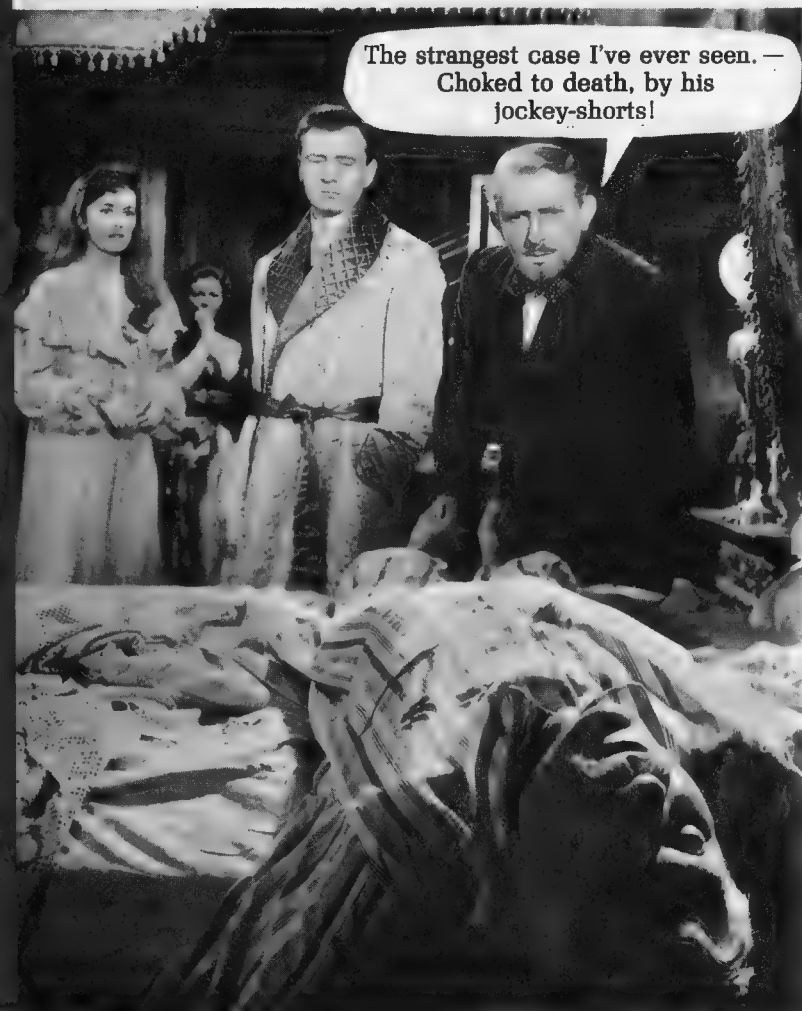
# LOOK WHO'S

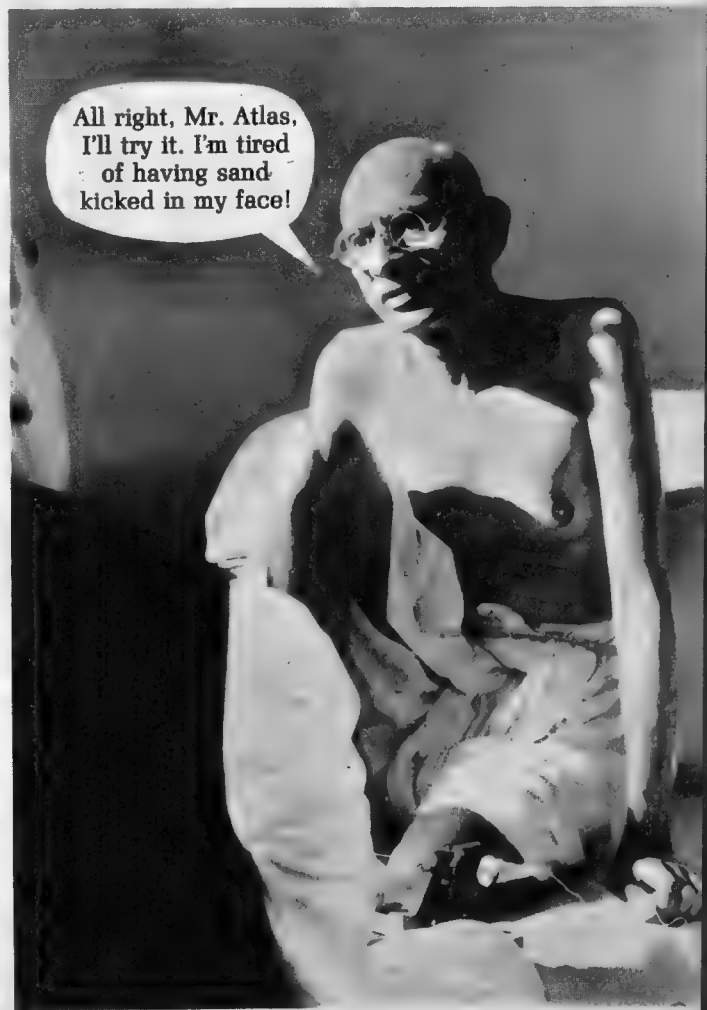




by FRED WOLFE





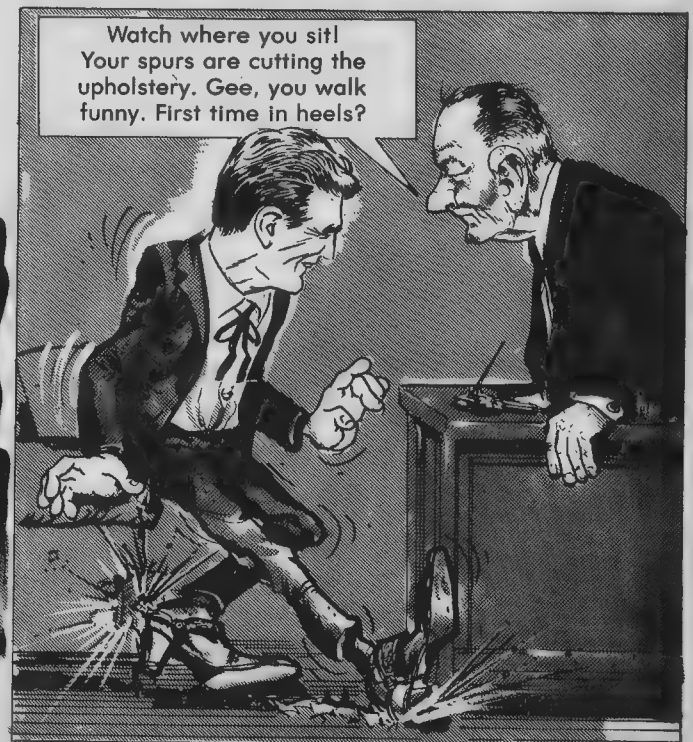
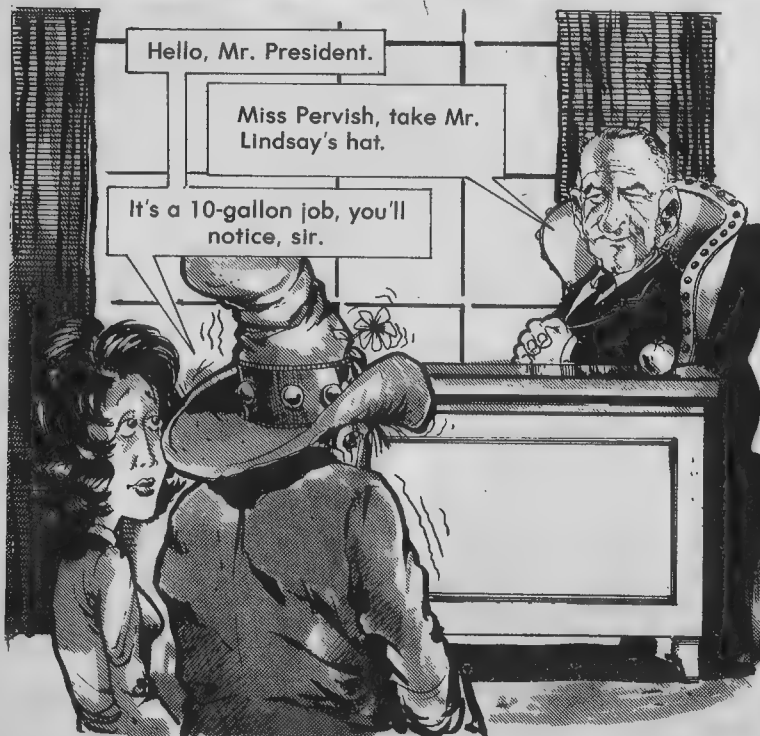
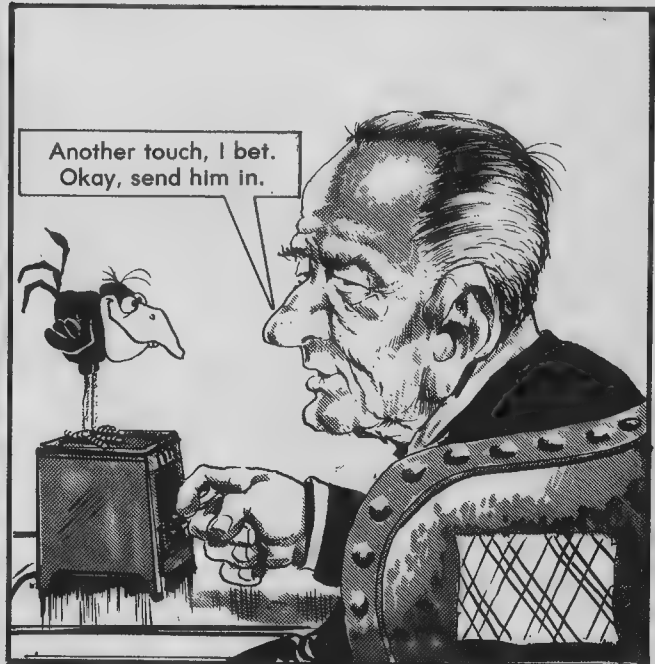
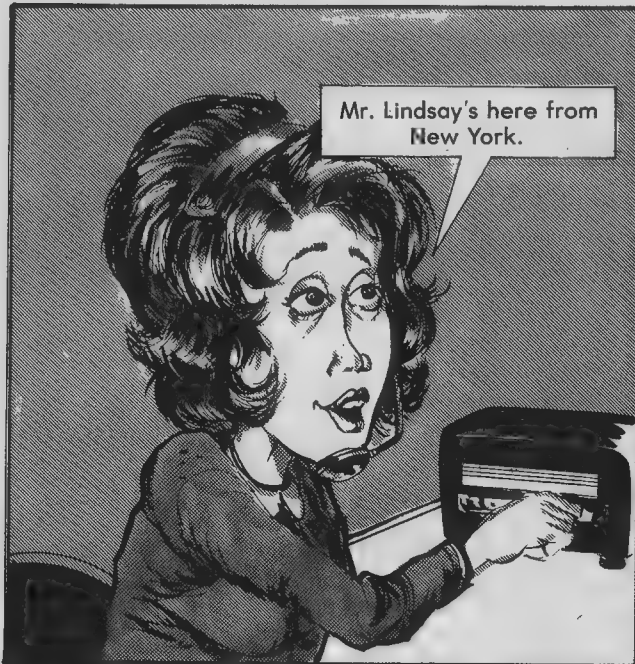


# J.V.L. MEETS L.B.J.

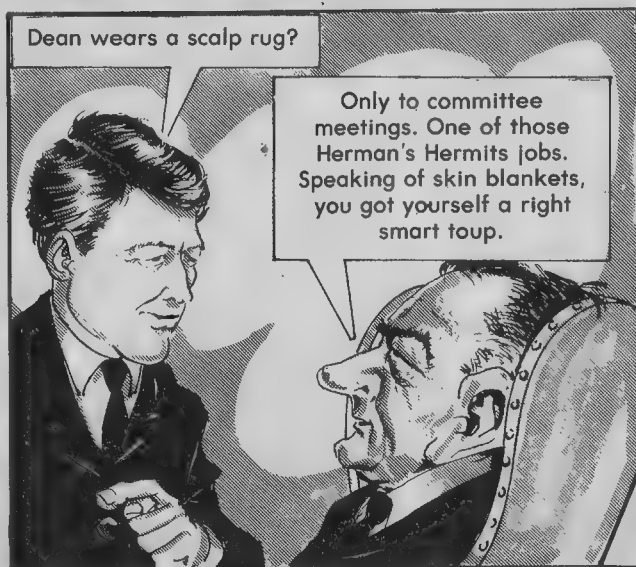
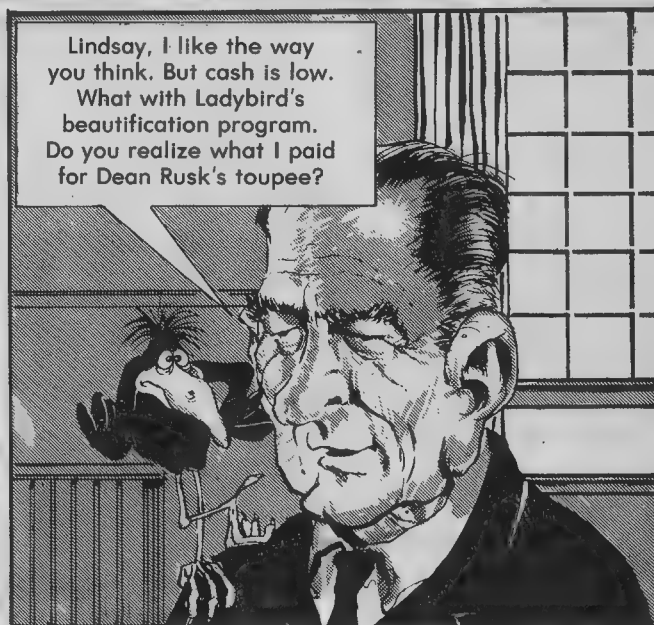
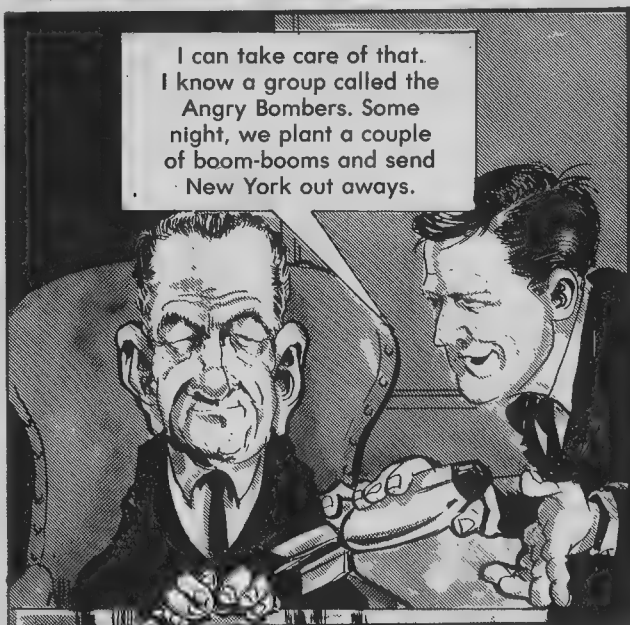
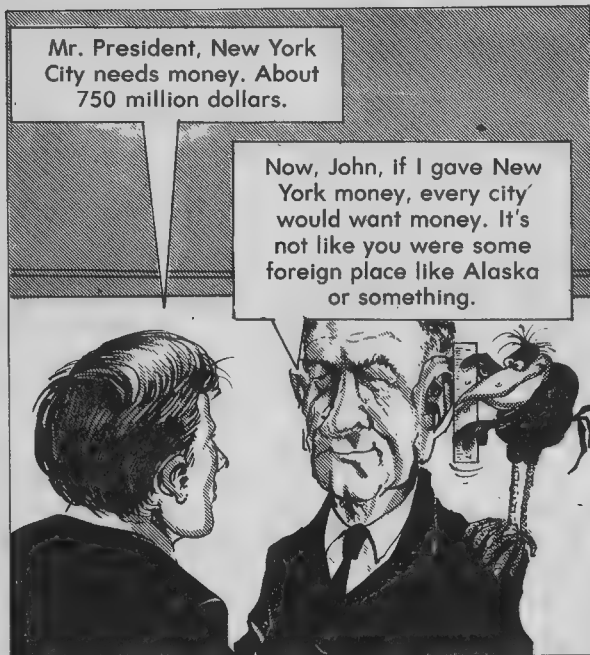
Mayor Lindsay of New York has probably been the most troubled mayor in history.

The upstate legislature is against him, the City Council gives him problems, the city is the dirtiest in the nation, crime runs rampant. That's for openers. Underneath it all, the problem is money—or lack of it. Where can he get the money? From Washington? Why not, everyone else does.

Mayor Lindsay recently went to Washington to borrow some money from the Federal Government. This is what might have happened.



Script by Bill Majeski Art by Bob Taylor



TV doesn't do me justice.

About TV. I don't like your fireplace gimmick. That belongs to our party, friend . . .

And those books stacked behind your desk.



Some wise guy put in the ones about "Nancy Drew Finds a Rhumba Dancer" and "The Bobbsey Twins Meet Hermione Gingold."

I'm talking about the one that says, "Forget The Alamo." Another thing. Your image. You're punching the Abe Lincoln picture too hard. I've been using that. It's mine.



But, sir. I'm lean and lanky and my face is craggy . . .



I have to be Lincoln. I insist, sir.

The next rail you split will be your last, Easterner. You're not Lincoln. I'm Lincoln. Pick another president to ape.



Tell you what. I'm pushing through another tax cut which will put another 800 million bucks in the treasury. Maybe we can make a bargain. What say, John?



Call me Millard. Thank you...thank you...Abe...



This is the third in our series dealing with Thumbtack, the computerized cartoonist, in which the question is asked: 'Can a talented robot-artist find happiness in the big city with a two-timing transistor?' Perhaps we'll never know, 'cause Thumbtack didn't arrive in our New York office, as scheduled. It seems Ralph Nader had Thumbtack's crate inspected, and sent him back to Detroit. But, all's well that ends well. Thumbtack assures us he's now safe at any speed.

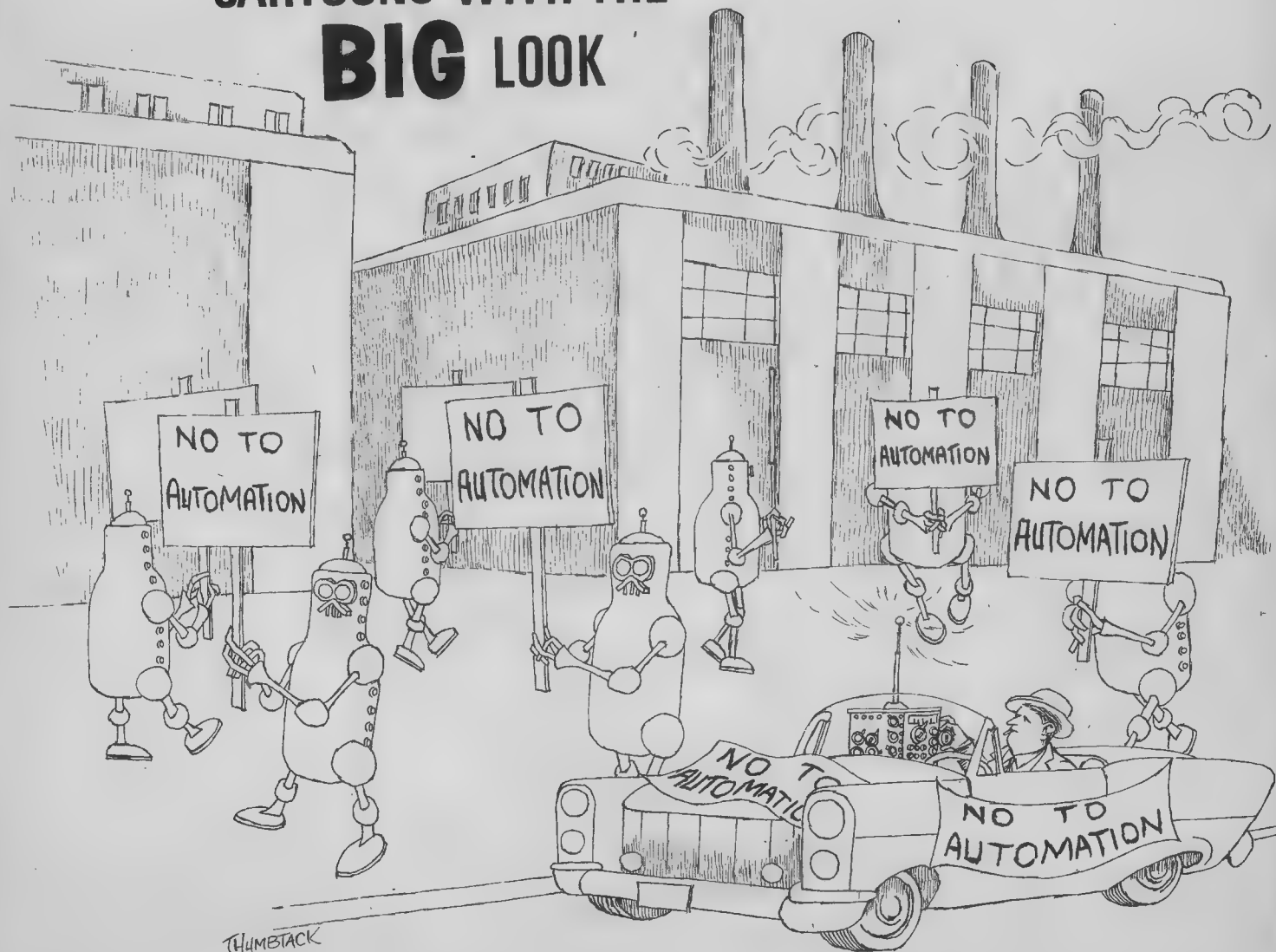
However, Thumbtack sent us a tape-recording in which he mentioned his romantic plans. It appears they haven't yet made the girl he'd flip over. But, he has put in his order, and she'll probably be ready next week.

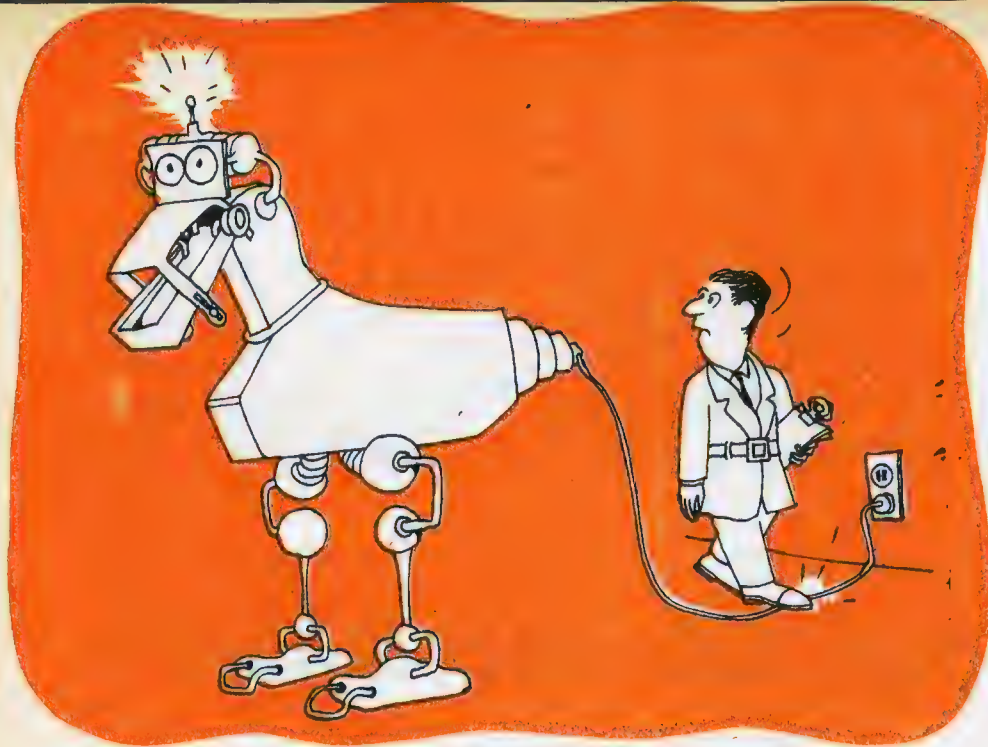
Yes, our Mad Computer is proud of his background, but his family has its black sheep — a poor, deformed, outlaw brother who earns his living as a 'one-armed bandit' in Las Vegas. Also, there's a ne'er-do-well relation...probably a convict, since it was hinted that his cousin, 'Big Ben,' was doing time in London. Thumbtack reminisces about another famous ancestor, an air-pioneer who was the laughing stock of his age. They said he would never fly. But the Wright Brothers made a few minor adjustments and he flew like a bird! If anyone cares to visit him, he's on display at the Smithsonian Institute.

Here, then, for a return engagement —

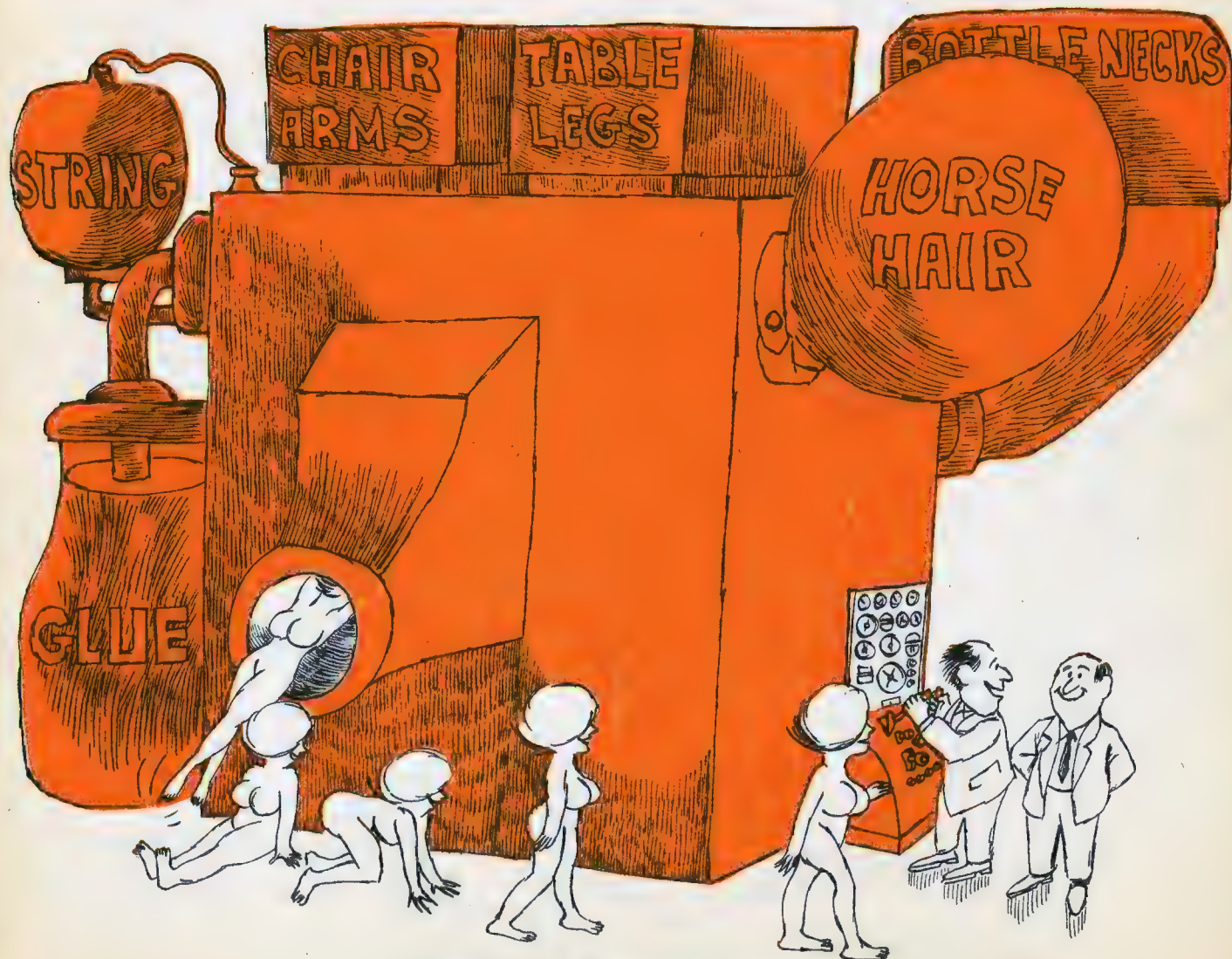
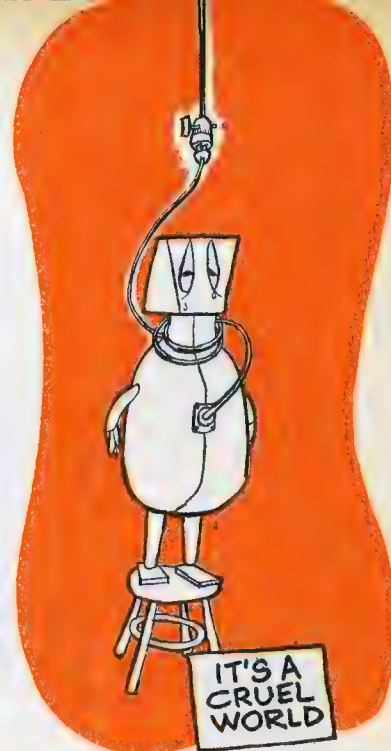
# The Mad Computers

## CARTOONS WITH THE BIG LOOK





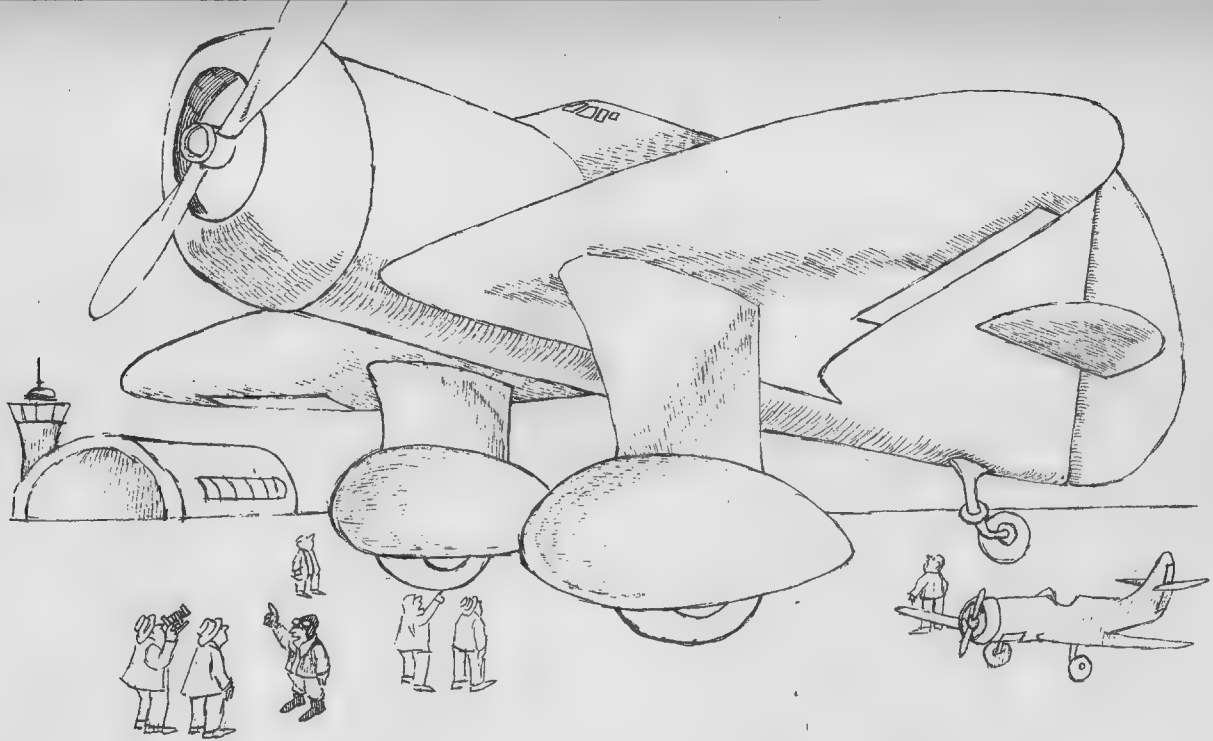
"Ouch!"



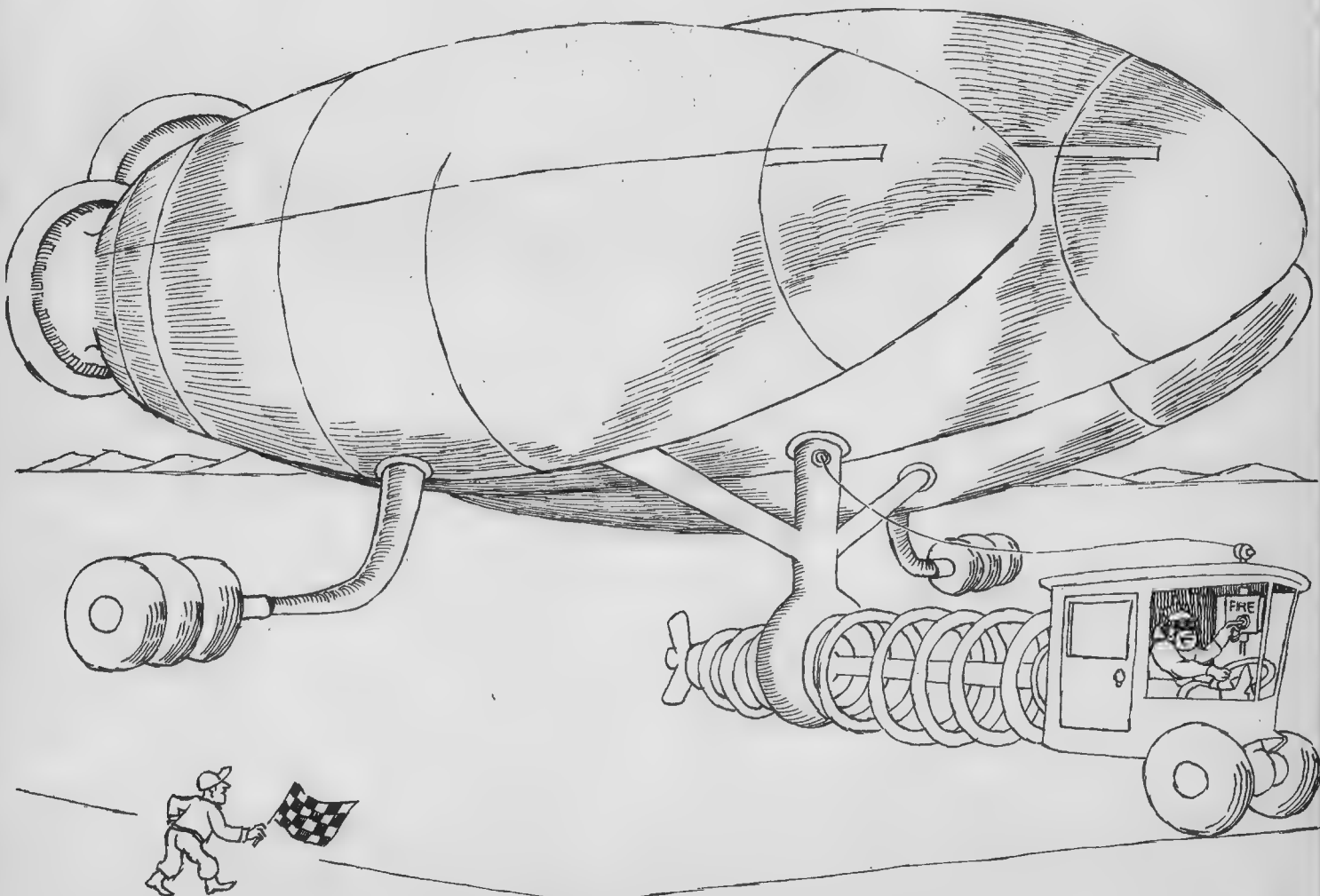
"I got the idea from an old song."



"It's only fair to warn you, sir. He knows Judo.



"I'm going to bust hell out of all existing  
single engine aircraft records."



"Here goes something else."

# MOVIE SPOOF

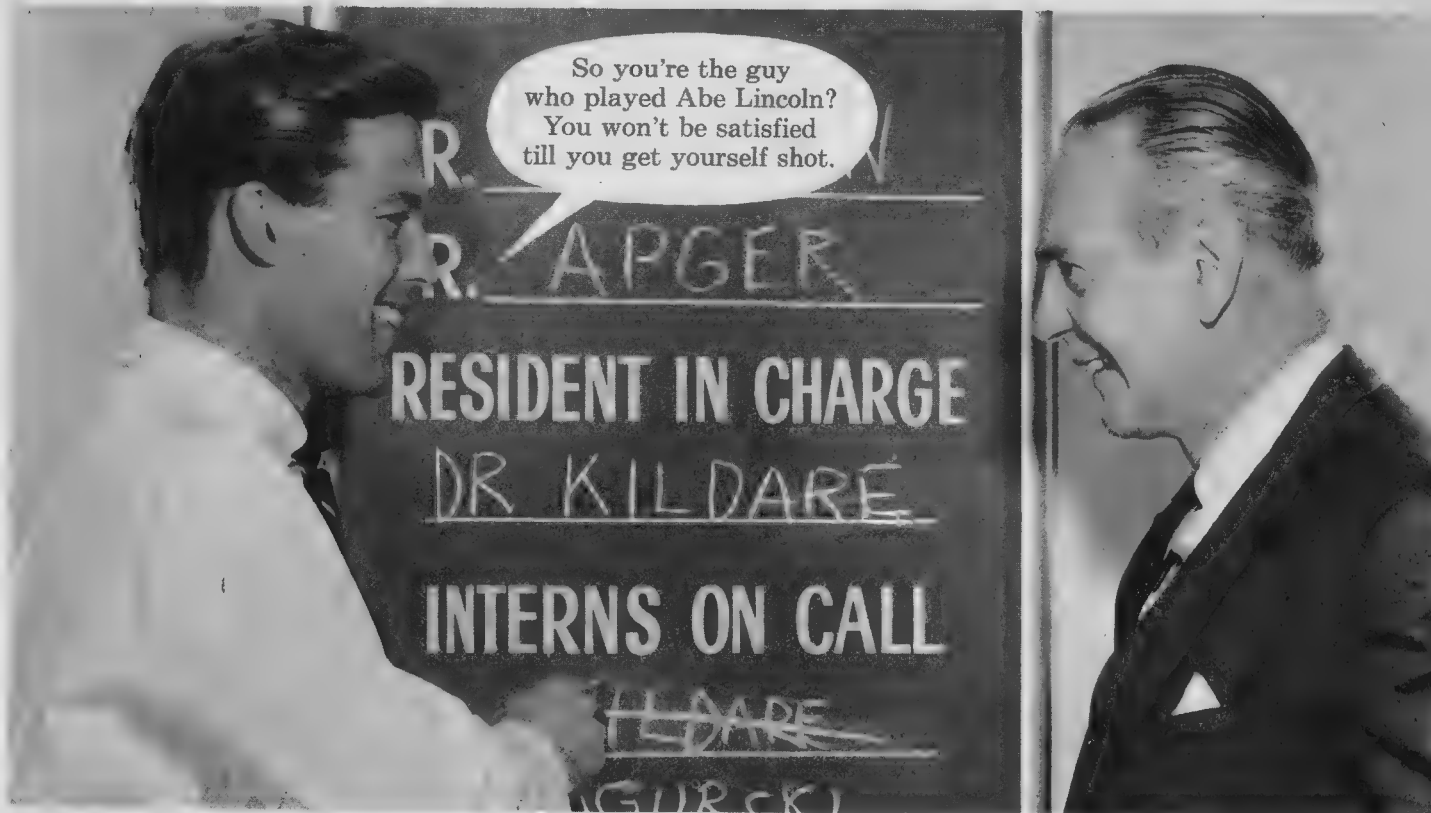
# DOCTOR KILDARE

Richard Chamberlain, handsomest man in seven states, the District of Columbia and seven British protectorates, has kept millions of TV viewers in stitches in his role as young and lovable Dr. Kildare.

After that, he turned from the mills of TV to the mills of moviemaking, becoming the hottest thing in the film industry since bottle warmers at drive-in movies. But now, 37 appendectomies, 14 nosebleeds and 6 tonsillectomies later, the doctor has deserted the corridors of General Hospital for the bright lights of a Broad-

way musical. He has accepted the singing, dancing lead of *Holly Go-lightly*, opposite Mary Tyler Moore. It's headed for Broadway at this writing. So is the gray sedan with three suspicious characters in the back, but that's no concern of ours.

We know that all of Dr. Kildare's many surviving patients—and the relatives of those who didn't pull through—are cheering him on in his new venture. But what if he turned singer-dancer before making Dr. Kildare. We think the movie story would go something like this.



We open with Dr. Kildare being congratulated on his promotion to resident in charge, rising from a lowly interne. Doctor Raymond Massey, fresh from his role as Lincoln, and stale from three months of inactivity, smiles reluctantly, for he knows that Kildare will soon be the star of the whole series. Standing there, teeth gleaming in each other's eyes, the

two medics go into the first song. It's the sprightly jump tune called "One Good Interne Deserves Another;" it ends when Doctor Massey, clowning around as usual, swallows a tongue depressor and is saved by a passing Tongue Depressor Specialist who happened to be in town for a lumberman's convention.

➡

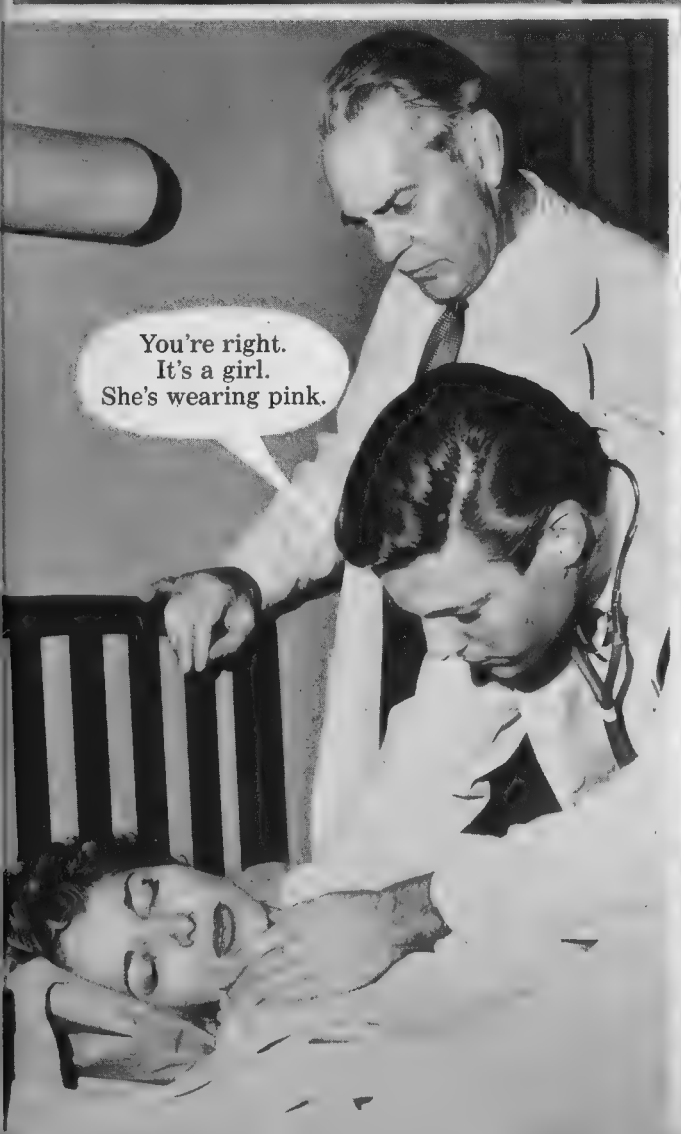
Kildare's first famous patient comes in — renowned Gloria Swanbeak, world's oldest starlet, known for her role as a wayward topless waitress sentenced to serve eight years in the sexagenarian ward of the old folks' home. In this film, she has fallen from her pedestal and broken her arm in three places — the living room, dining room and bedroom. Here, miraculously cured, she sings "It Don't Mean a Thing if You Ain't Got That Sling." Later, when she tries to escape via the wheel chair route without paying the bill, the hospital front office breaks her other arm.


Stark tragedy and romance blooms at the same time. Of course some people think romance IS stark tragedy but that's another story. Here, Kildare has come down with an illness called Galloping Shingles. He thinks he's a bungalow on wheels. There is great confusion and general merriment when he is wheeled into the maternity ward. There is even greater confusion and general merriment when he gives birth to a 7-pound boy. The girl is a young surgeon herself. She met Kildare on the operating table. But they made her get off. She later asked Dr. Massey if she could cut in, and managed to save Kildare's life. Here she sings to him the torchy lament: "Get Better My Love, I Know You Can If You Try Because It's Only a Question of Mind Over Mattress Blues."



➡

Now, love does an about face, and it's about the face of the girl doctor who operated on Kildare — Doctor Eva Doom. Kildare examines the unconscious girl. She was hurt seriously when hit by a blunt instrument — a falling hotel. Her face, due to the accident, is a network of scars and stitches. She looks like a patchwork quilt gone wrong. Plastic surgery! Yes, that's the only answer. Kildare rises to his full height of 6-foot-3 — that's his height full or empty — and says "I will restore this girl again to her natural beauty. How about that?" He sings: "Every Year Is Lip Year With Me."




 The bandages are removed and, after the general laughter dies down, we see the girl, Doctor Doom, holding onto her face muttering the tender ballad, "A Nose by Any Other Name." A little later, she takes her hand away and her nose drops off. However, it is found by an orderly orderly who replaces it. But being new at the job, he put it near her ear, so Kildare once again steps into the picture, knife and sewing needle at the ready. As he prepares to repair her face for better or worse, he tap dances the song's hit number—"Plastic Surgery Performed Here While You Wait." The curtain comes down flattening Kildare. The audience now leans forward with bated breath eager to see what the final result will be.

Here it is—the new face of Doctor Doom. Kildare watches with mixed emotions at his handiwork. Things were going fine until he was struck by a bad case of hiccoughs. He asks her to marry him because he likes older women. She says: "Not a chance, saw-bones. On Thanksgiving you'd carve a little duckling and it would come out an old hen." So Kildare drowns his sorrow with a fifth of formaldehyde and sings the haunting: "Three Faces of Eva." The picture ends on a sad note. While examining a heart patient, Kildare develops a nervous tic and is strangled by his stethoscope.



# BEAT SKETCHBOOK



"WHERE WERE YOU GUYS WHEN I WAS  
HAVING ONE OF MY BAD TRIPS?"



*CSWald Lewis*



"YOU OUGHT TO HAVE A TALK  
WITH MY PSYCHIATRIST."



"THAT'S PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT...  
TELL IT YOUR WAY IF YOU LIKE."



# !TEENMAN!

## IN A HAIRY TALE

By Bob Elliott  
Script and art by  
B. Wiseman



GO! GO! GO!

NAMNEET!

It is terribly unfair  
To make Teens cut off their hair,  
So I must zap to a school  
That has such a silly rule . . .

GO!

GO!

There's my target—Shleply High

Once again we  
find Teenman on  
his super  
surfboard with his  
magic flash  
double-pow gittar  
varooming through  
the sky to right a  
horrendous  
wrong . . .

The principal is the man  
Who has made the long-hair ban,  
So I'll execute my plan  
And make him a long-hair fan . . .

Garumphh! Who  
are you? I don't  
permit long hair!  
Get Out! You're  
suspended!

I am not a student here.  
That is not Teenman's career.  
I have come to right a wrong  
With a mighty protest song . . .

Hello, Princy.

WRONG? WRONG? There's nothing  
wrong in my school! Gedouta here!  
Gedout!

Let me sing my song to you  
So you'll learn what you must do—  
Let me try to make you see  
How long hair should really be . . .

Long hair?  
NEVER!  
Untidy,  
distracting!  
Awful!  
NO! NO!

Samson wore his shoulder-length  
And it gave him mighty strength!  
Washington wore a long wig  
And he was really, really big!  
The Indians—who were strong—  
They wore their locks very long.  
Columbus, too, had long hair,  
So I ask you to be fair . . .  
Let your students sport a mop;  
Let hair grow without a stop . . .

NEVER!  
NEVER!  
NEVER!  
NEVER!

Then I must call on my  
supreme Noileber magical  
skills which were taught to  
me for just such an  
emergency. Now I must  
zap zoomingly fast . . .

WHIZZ.....

NAMNEET! GO!  
GO!  
GO!

BAROOOMMM

Now to show him what a  
close-cropped world is like...

Oh, it's ugly! Oh, it's bad!  
I have been a foolish cad!

Henceforth, all my students can wear their hair nice and long.  
The longer the better...Teenman has shown me I was wrong. I  
have been a cruddy fuddy duddy!

And so, once more  
as the supream  
champion zaps off  
to other frays, he  
leaves happy teens  
behind.

Look again for  
TEENMAN in the  
next issue when  
other wrongs will  
be righted.

For our parody this issue, we salute a group that's responsible for the way our young people today are turning out. And so, in order to get even, we present our version of the...

# PTA ADVENTURES

Script by Paul Laikin

HOW TO HANDLE A KNIFE-WIELDING DELINQUENT  
or 18 Short Cuts To Success

Teachers Everywhere Are Asking:  
WHY SHOULDN'T STUDENTS SIGN A LOYALTY OATH?

Tips To Teachers:  
HOW TO GIVE YOUR PUPILS LOVE AND ACCEPTANCE  
WITHOUT BECOMING EMOTIONALLY INVOLVED

SEX EDUCATION FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN  
(And What We Can Learn From Them)

101 WAYS TO ERASE OBSCENE WRITING FROM LAVATORY  
WALLS WITHOUT DESTROYING THE TILE

We All Know Teachers Are Underpaid But ...  
ARE PARENTS OVERPAID?



A Teacher Laments:  
**IT'S NOT THE  
SCHOOL —  
IT'S THE  
PRINCIPAL  
OF THE THING!**

# PTA ADVENTURES

## FOR THE NON- DISCRIMINATING PARENT AND TEACHER

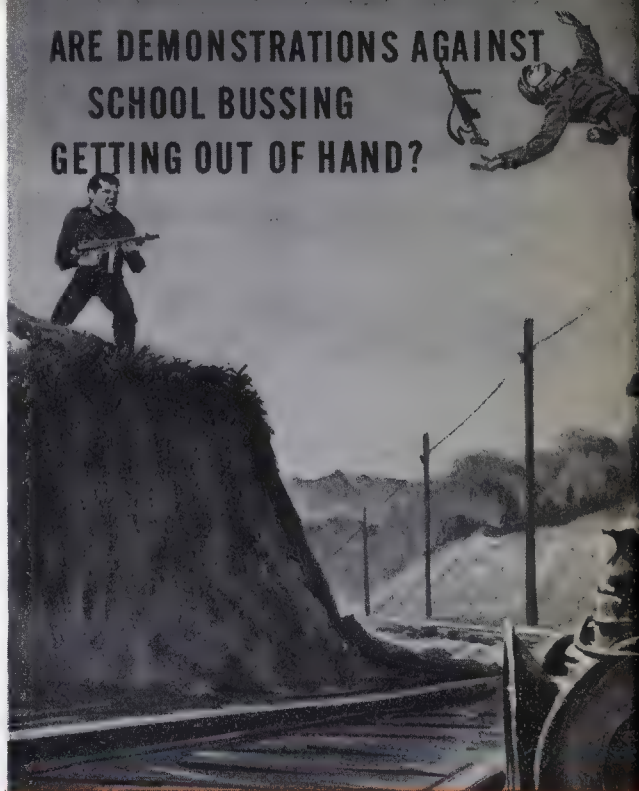
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THE PTA JOURNAL is published irregularly—whenever we can raise enough funds to put it out. Subscription rates vary—depending on how much we can get out of donations. We are not responsible for any unsolicited material—seeing as our ladies like to go out soliciting. 2nd Class Permit still pending in Connecticut—which we'll get as soon as one of our women can go there and pick it up. All names have been changed to protect the innocent—namely our kids. Printed in the United States—although when you look at the copy it'll be Greek to you!

ARE DEMONSTRATIONS AGAINST  
SCHOOL BUSSING  
GETTING OUT OF HAND?



What It's Like To Live With A  
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## WHAT'S HAPPENING ON THE NATIONAL PTA SCENE

### A PTA DIRECTIVE TO A CINCINNATI SCHOOL:

As part of the school's liberal Sex Education Program, the following regulation becomes effective immediately: 'In the dissecting of frogs, girls will be given male frogs and boys will be given female frogs. Those 'in-between' will be excused from class on that day.'

### A PTA DIRECTIVE TO A VERMONT SCHOOL:

Kindly instruct your pupils that when their mothers visit the school they are to use the staircase at either side entrance. Pregnant mothers however, may use the Delivery Entrance.

### AN EDICT BY AN OKLAHOMA PTA:

In conjunction with the School Board, kindly post the following: 'In case of air attack you are to do your utmost to prevent panic. Line up all children in size places and march them cheerily down to the basement Fallout Shelter. Appropriate songs you can sing for the occasion are now being prepared by our Music Department. Should the attack continue for more than an hour, it is suggested that you ad lib jokes and stunts.'

### FROM A PTA GROUP IN DENVER:

Bingo Games will be discontinued from our PTA meetings because of the many protests stating that this is a form of gambling and thus evil. For those parents and teachers who would still like to play Bingo however, it is suggested that you try the Town Church.

### MEMO CIRCULATED BY A FLORIDA PTA:

The so-called 'blacklist' for teachers is unfair. This organization does not believe in it. Those who practice this discrimination will be placed on our Unfair List for the whole world to see!

### VOTED ON BY A PTA IN JERSEY CITY:

The Supreme Court ban on school prayer will be strictly enforced. Should any teacher observe a pupil in the act of praying, said pupil is to be brought to the Principal's Office at once and punished by taking away their rosary or mezuzah. If a pupil feels an obsessive urge to pray however, kindly direct the pupil to the nearest lavatory. There it is permissible.

### SIGN ON AN ALABAMA PTA DOOR:

This month's Safety Lecture has been postponed due to the unfortunate accident suffered by our Guest Speaker.

### IN A PTA NEWSLETTER OUT IN PEORIA:

The sign 'Watch The Swinging Door' hanging in our Main Corridor has been removed. This was done because mothers stopping to watch it have been getting hit in the face.

### POSTED IN A SCHOOL PTA ROOM IN CHICAGO:

A special Easter Pageant is being held on Friday at our meeting headquarters. Any person laying an egg in the ticket taker's hand will be admitted free.

# The Night the PTA

by AGATHA WETHERBY  
(P.T.A., B.A., M.A., GRAND-MA)

*(the writer this magazine would like to forget)*

IT began as just another typical normal PTA meeting. It was called for 8 PM sharp and by 9:15 people were first beginning to trickle in. At 10:30 the meeting was called to order and Mrs. MacIntosh, the secretary, began reading the minutes of the last meeting. At 11:45 she finished reading the minutes, after which old and new business was discussed. At 11:46 the old and new business was finished and refreshments were served.

As the members gathered around the refreshment table nibbling the girl scout cookies and sipping the instant coffee, there was not the slightest hint of the turmoil to come. Nor was there any inkling of the disaster when the entertainment program began and members gathered around the projector to applaud slides of Mrs. Gurney's recent botany expedition into the wilds of Colorado.

As the festivities ended and the ladies were preparing for their trek home, the fireworks began. From out of nowhere, Mrs. Furdlip, the school librarian, suddenly ran forward, ripped off all her clothes and started running amok through the aisles.

THE other members were horrified. They just stared at the matronly woman, dumbfounded.

Then she began whooping it up, jumping on tables, throwing over chairs and finally making a mad dash out the door and down through the school corridors.

As if by some unearthly contagion, this bizarre behavior suddenly caught on. Quick as a flash, Mrs. Gurnsee tore off all her attire and followed the nude librarian into the hall, screaming at the top of her voice. Thereupon all the other ladies did likewise. Mrs. Finkhart, the 86 year old chair-lady, was the last to disrobe. It was a wild scene—forty-seven plump, middle-aged women racing around the school in the nude, all clamoring like Banshees!

NEEDLESS to say, they awakened the entire neighborhood, and caused a great deal of comment. "We don't know what got into us," proclaimed Mrs. Grovis, the 8th Grade Science Teacher, "but it won't happen again!" It probably won't, according to police, as they have Leo, the janitor, in custody. They still don't know whatever possessed this harmless old man to put LSD cubes in the sugar bowl!



# Would Like to Forget!



MEMBERS  
APPLAUDED THE  
SLIDES OF MRS GURNEY'S  
EXPEDITION INTO THE  
WILDS OF COLORADO--

Who is  
Responsible  
for the  
Downfall of  
Our Youth



Parents Blame  
Teachers--  
and Vice Versa!



THE BOY WAS MAKING

A FRANK SHOCKING ARTICLE

by  
*Frank Shocking*

**W**HAT the Parent-Teachers Association needs most is a new name. This is because parents and teachers, today, no longer associate. They're too busy fighting one another over who is to blame for the way our children are turning out!

The parents keep saying that the teachers just don't give the kids enough guidance and discipline in school. They point out that one kid out in Cincinnati beat up his school principal, painted swastikas in all the corridors and sold opium sticks to the other children in the auditorium. And all they did to punish him was to suspend him as President of his school honor class! On the other hand, teachers keep insisting that parents are too lax



## A SHAMBLES OF THE SCHOOL CORRIDORS!

in bringing up their children properly. They just don't care enough about what the kids do. A classic example is the mother out in Des Moines.... When her young son ran away from home one night, the first thing she did was to rent out his room. And in Chicago, a teenage girl came home one day sobbing, "*Mother, I have terrible news—just awful!*" The mother screamed, "*Quick, tell me—what happened?*" The girl replied, "*I'm pregnant!*" The mother sighed with relief, "*Is THAT all? For a minute I thought you lost your job!*"

**I**T seems that everybody is blaming somebody else. The PTA blames the School Board; the School Board blames the Board of Education; the Board of Education blames the Mayor; the Mayor blames the President; and the President in a recent interview was quoted as saying, "*How should I know what was going on? I was only*

*following ORDERS!*"

**S**INCE nobody wants to take the blame, the controversy rages. And while it does, parents and teachers keep hacking away. It's gotten to the point that teachers are now beginning to "*lift their hands*" to parents. That isn't so bad—but some of them carry brass knuckles in those hands! If this keeps up we may soon have teacher gangs battling parent gangs. They'd meet in school gymnasium after dark and slug it out with steel rulers and rolling pins.

It's easy to understand then, why our kids are growing up to be the delinquents they are. It isn't the parents or the teachers alone who are at fault. The blame lies when these two groups get together. This is the horrifying and ironic truth! Who's responsible for the way our children are turning out? It's the PTA!

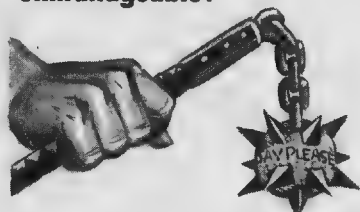
## TEACHERS' SHOPPING MART

### ATTENTION TEACHERS: Bothered by Spitballs?



Throw 'em right back at your pupils! Get 'em by the gross, ton or truckload. Comes with or without saliva.

### Your pupils becoming unmanageable?



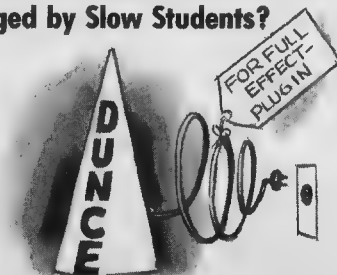
Can't keep the kids in line? This snappy item will do it all the time.

### Tired of Fire Drills at your school?



Start the real thing going! Send for your supply of this hot number.

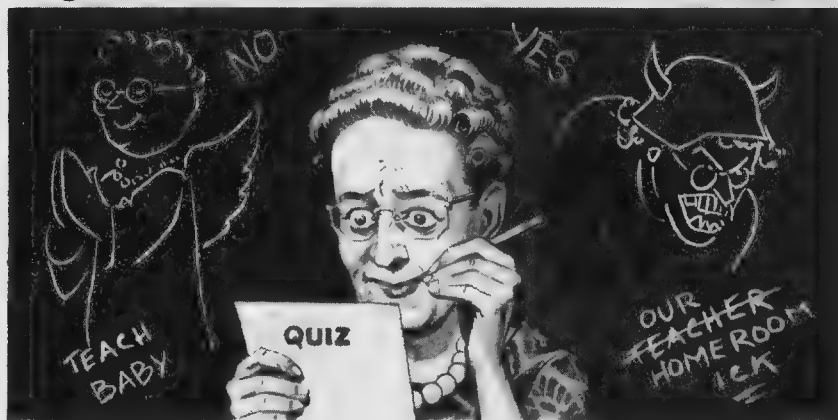
### Bugged by Slow Students?



Don't know how to handle the know-nothing? This gimmick will solve your problem.

## Parents Ask Teachers: How Do Your Pupils Rate You?

You may be a nice person to your fellow teachers but how do you fare with your pupils? If you don't know by now, then take this test and see ...



- Are you quick to run to the Principal's office just because a spitball hits you in the mouth?  
YES ( ) NO ( )
- Do you lose your patience with a pupil simply because he never shows up for class?  
YES ( ) NO ( )
- Would you resort to striking a student just because he has a gun in your back?  
YES ( ) NO ( )
- Does your sense of humor vanish simply because you find a girl and a boy pupil playing "doctor" in the back?  
YES ( ) NO ( )
- Do you tend to lose your composure every time a pupil throws a stink bomb in the room?  
YES ( ) NO ( )
- Do you get peeved if some pupils snatch your glasses and throw it around the room a couple of times?  
YES ( ) NO ( )
- Are you such a prude that you get upset finding your students reading obscene literature during class?  
YES ( ) NO ( )
- Are you a poor sport just because your students get playful now and then and chain you to the desk?  
YES ( ) NO ( )
- Would you cause a pupil to be left back simply because he hands in blank papers every time you give a test?  
YES ( ) NO ( )
- Are you quick to mix in whenever a boy student dips a girl student's pigtails in an inkwell?  
YES ( ) NO ( )
- Do you make a big deal out of it when you catch a student cheating on a midterm examination?  
YES ( ) NO ( )
- Are you afraid to turn your back on your class just because they're all wearing black leather jackets and holding knives?  
YES ( ) NO ( )

### — SCORING —

If you answered all of these questions "NO" this means you're a good teacher and all your students love you.

If you answered half of these questions "NO" this means you're a fair teacher and half of your students hate you.

If you answered none of these questions "NO" this means you're a dead teacher—as your students have probably killed you already!

now comes one of the most gripping pictures of our time ...

# Grade School CONFIDENTIAL!

**SEE** Nude female beauties on bearskin rugs!  
The orgy of the cookie and milk break!  
The playing of doctor in back of the room!

**No one will be seated during the first 5 fights**

**18 Lecturers talking at once  
on the subject of  
"Togetherness"**

45

# PARENTS' BEEF BOX

QUESTION: WHAT IS YOUR GRIPE  
AGAINST YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD  
SCHOOL?

(all names have been changed  
to protect the teachers)

I don't like the idea of my daughter Bernice dissecting frogs in her Biology Class! What are they trying to do -- give her an emotional scar? I ought to report it to the ASPCA. They should stop it at once. At least let them give her female frogs!

R.X.  
Phila., Pa.

I have a lot of gripes against my neighborhood school but one in particular bugs me. Now I'm well-to-do and I want nothing but the best for my daughter Selma. What I mean is this—I don't want her taking part in any Fire Drill. A real one, yes—but not a drill!

D.O.A.  
Tampa, Fla.

Boy, I got a real gripe! Whatta dey been teachin' my boy Herbie. I don' unnerstan' him no more. All dem big woids he uses is disgustin'. Whatta dey mean doin' dat, hah? Dey some kinda ignoramus or sumptin'!

I.O.U.  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I don't like the idea of girl pupils going swimming in the nude in our school pools. I think that's shocking! What kind of a place are they running there anyway? And I didn't hear about it either. I saw it with my own eyes. If you want, stand with me on a ladder near the transom and look for yourselves!

J.B.  
Portland, Ore.

My gripe is that they expelled my son just because he set fire to his Home Room Teacher. Well, all I can say is he must've had a very good reason.

A.K.  
Bronx, N.Y.



Agatha J. Smedley  
Benedict Arnold Junior High School  
Racine, Wisconsin

Miss Smedley was recently given the PTA Gold Medal for teaching fifty years in the same school and maintaining the high standard of dedication to her students that have made her beloved by all. Unfortunately, on the way home from the ceremony, Miss Smedley was mugged by three of her students who stole the medal.

IN NEXT ISSUE  
ON SALE SOON

A Teenage Pupil's Lament:  
**I WAS AN UNWED FATHER!**

**SPECIAL REPORT: Teacher Loses Union Suit!**  
Are Teachers Getting Too Unruly?

**SPECIAL BOOK BONUS**  
The Student Who Was Caught Cheating  
— With The Dean's Wife!  
**and many other blockbusters!**

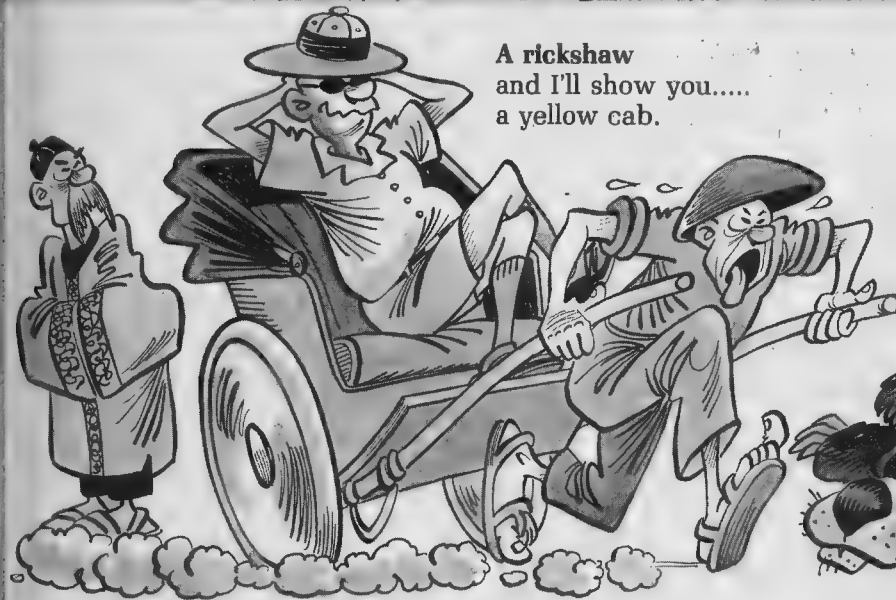
**PTA**  
**ADVENTURES**



**Understanding The Explanations About The New Math**



A rickshaw  
and I'll show you.....  
a yellow cab.



Debbie Reynold's first child  
and I'll show you.....  
a body by Fisher.



A goat named William  
and I'll show you.....  
Billy the Kid.

Cassius Clay crying  
and I'll show you.....  
a bawling ali.



# SHOW ME--

An artist's workshop  
and I'll show you.....  
Paintin' Place.



A deer  
that had a fawn  
in a month and I'll show you....  
a fast buck.



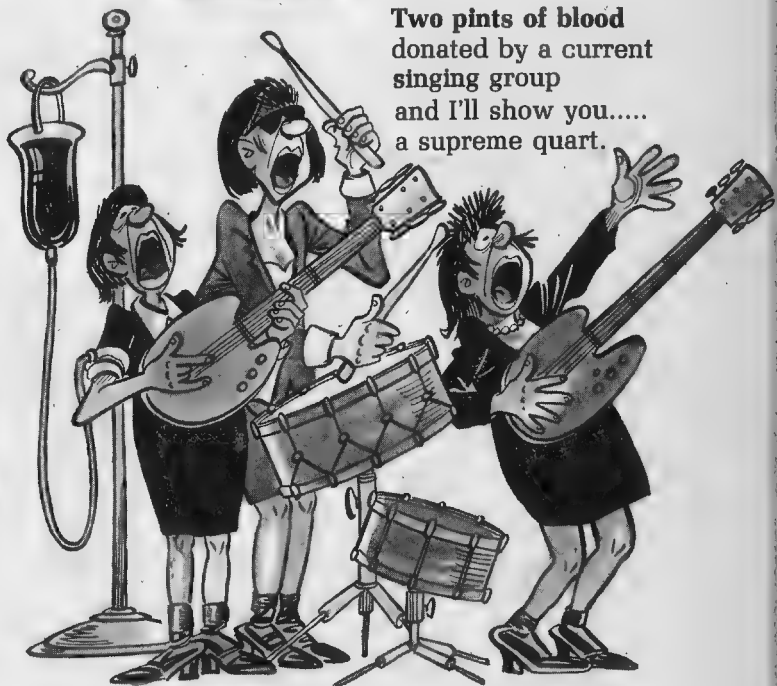
Santa Claus  
on December 26,  
and I'll show you.....  
a beatnick.



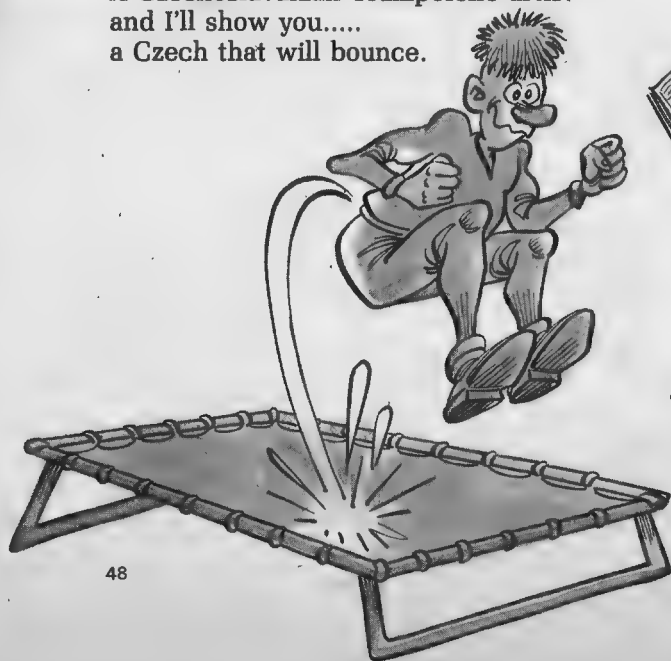
An out house  
in the Alps  
and I'll show you.....  
Swiss movements.



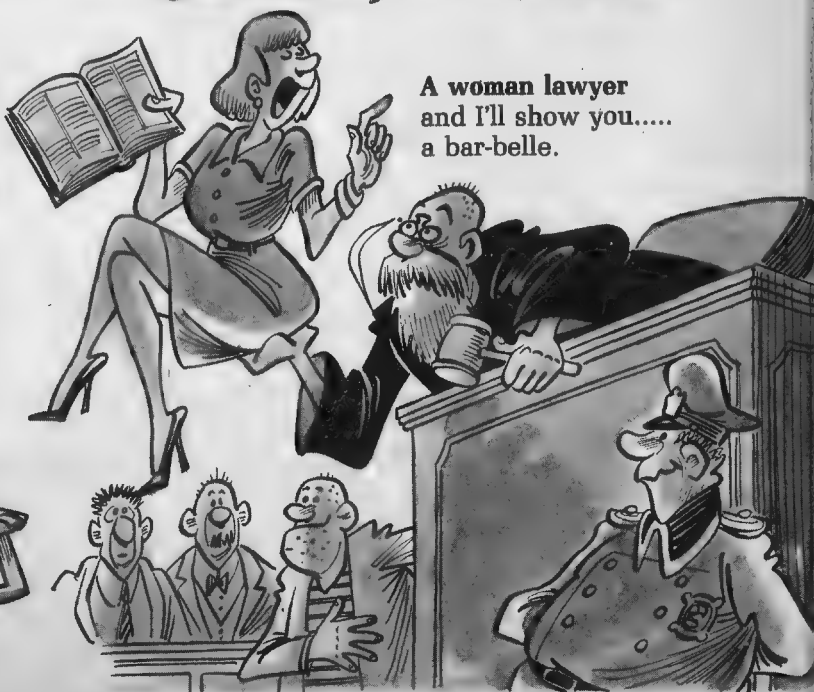
Two pints of blood  
donated by a current  
singing group  
and I'll show you.....  
a supreme quart.

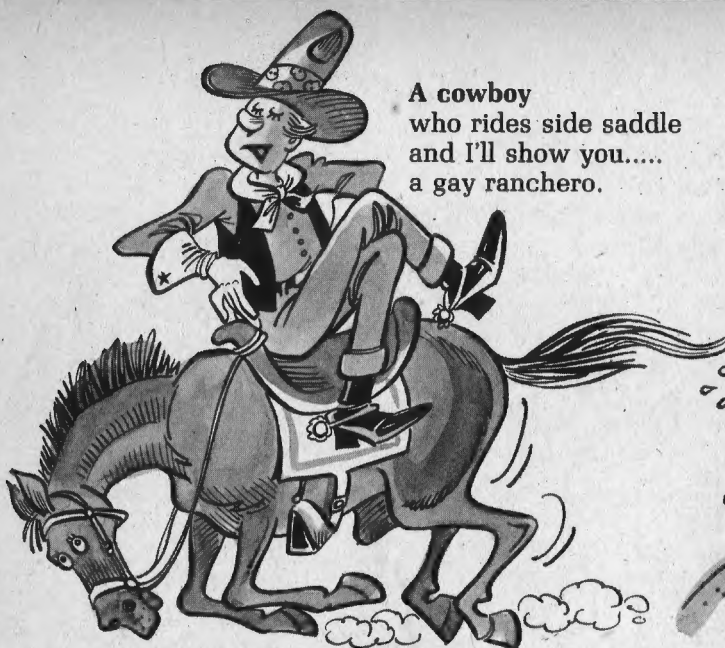


A Czechoslovakian Trampoline artist  
and I'll show you.....  
a Czech that will bounce.

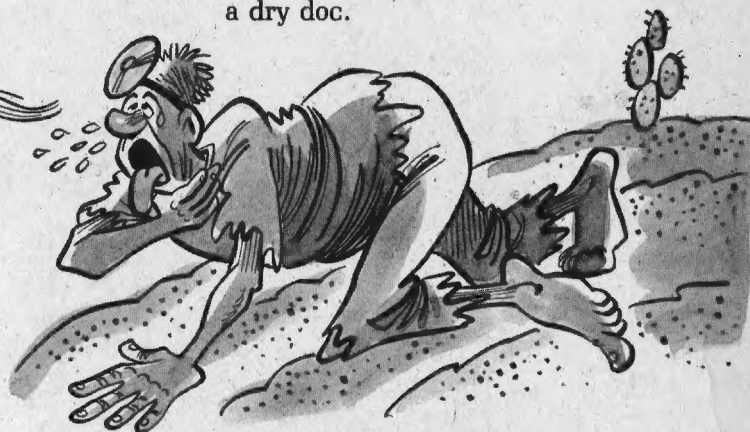


A woman lawyer  
and I'll show you.....  
a bar-belle.





A cowboy  
who rides side saddle  
and I'll show you.....  
a gay ranchero.



A physician  
in the desert  
and I'll show you.....  
a dry doc.

Someone who lost  
300 pounds  
and I'll show you.....  
an Englishman leaving  
Las Vegas.



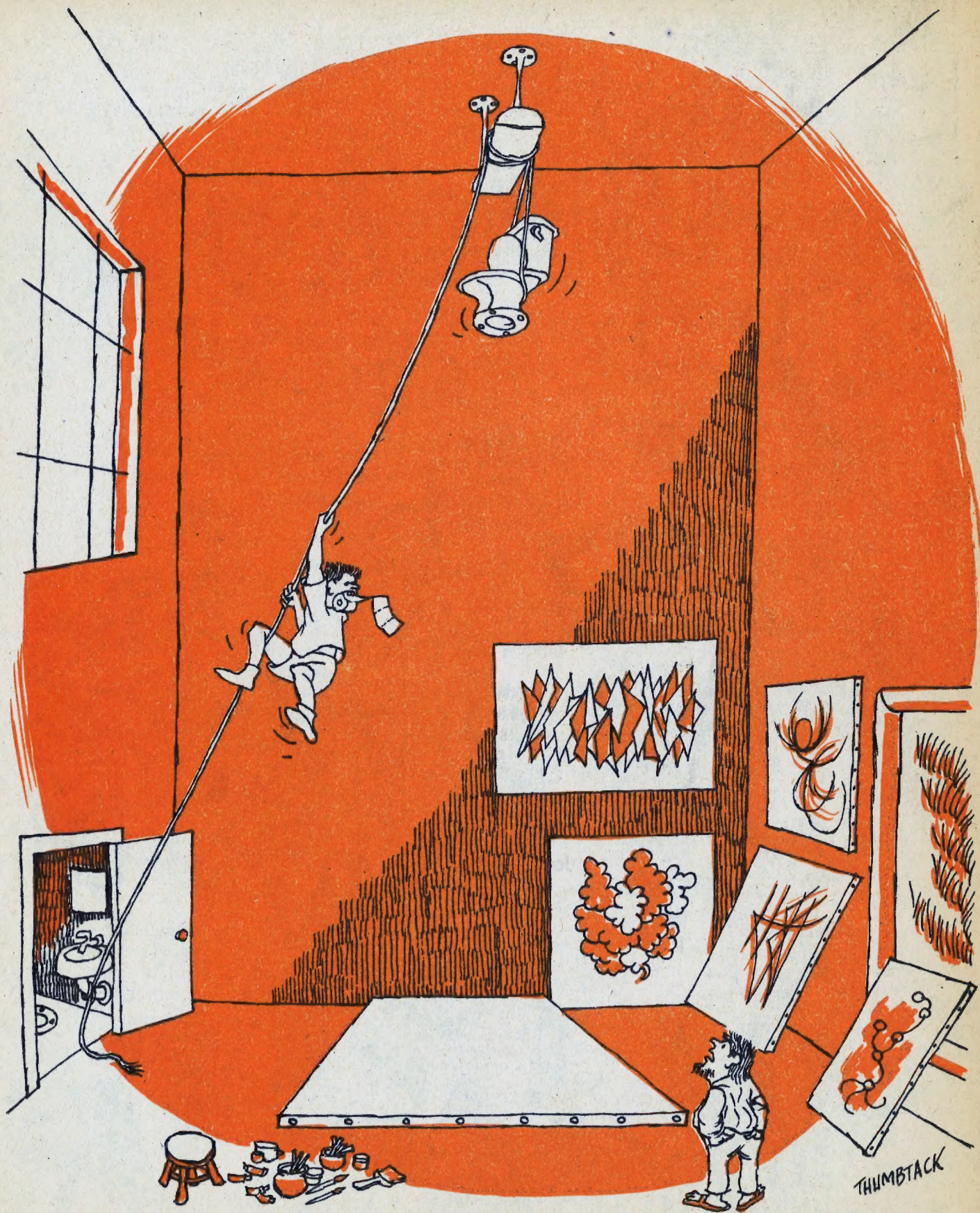
Two barbers merging  
and I'll show you.....  
a clip joint.



Chinese boys  
working in Congress  
and I'll show you.....  
the yellow pages.



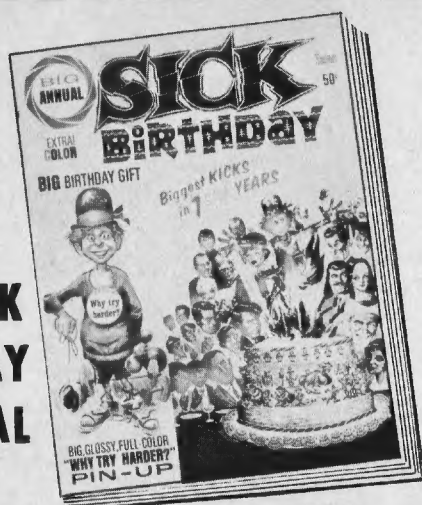
A mailman  
delivering 'SICK'  
and I'll show you.....  
a germ carrier.



"Come on, man, tell me you're not serious."

# BRIGHTEN YOUR OUTLOOK WITH THESE 2 SATIRE SPECTACULARS!

## BIG SICK BIRTHDAY ANNUAL

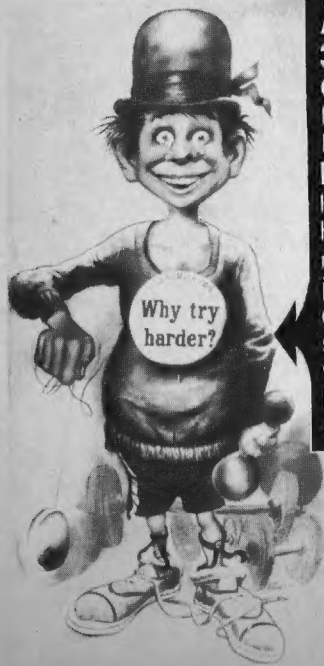


featuring  
THE BIGGEST KICKS  
IN 7 YEARS OF SICK

HERE ARE THE SATIRE CLASSICS OF THE DECADE! SKITS THAT WERE REPEATED ON BROADWAY REVUES! THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS! THE JACK PAAR SHOW! AND BY MANY OF THE TOP COMEDIANS AND MONOLOGISTS! ALL IN ONE FABULOUS! BIRTHDAY! SPECIAL!



PLUS!



This Pop Art Masterpiece!  
**A GLOSSY! FULL-COLOR!  
3-PAGE FOLDOUT**  
OF THE "WHY TRY HARDER"  
KID! AMERICA'S UNDER-  
DOG MASCOT  
**HUCKLEBERRY FINK.**  
Hang it in your den! club-  
house! bedroom! or class-  
room! This clod is so pitiful,  
just looking at him is guar-  
anteed to make you feel  
superior! Will brighten your  
world! build you up! bring  
happiness and confidence!  
Also a good luck piece!

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## NOW ON SALE! BIG SICK YEARBOOK

Besides a barrage of our most sickening features, this hilarious publication will contain **THE MOST COMPLETE PICTORIAL HUMOR HISTORY BOOK** ever published.

Furthermore, for our valuable bonus we commissioned Mad's (remember them?) most famous artist, Jack Davis (remember him?) to paint the second in our "LET US ENTERTAIN YOU" series of Pop Art Masterpieces—**THE BURNING OF ROME** (remember that?). This rich, full-color painting features the SICK Laugh King of his time, the ever-popular **Nero**. It's a two-page glossy extravaganza, ideal for framing, that is worth **far more** than the 50¢ price of the whole magazine. We urge you to add to your "Let Us Entertain You" collection—or start your collection now! This fabulous reproduction has been hailed as **the** all-time pop-art showpiece!

Handy dandy coupon for your convenience . . . or send note . . . but above all, send money.

**SICK MAGAZINE**  
32 West 22 Street  
New York, N. Y. 10010

- ☐ Being a person of distinction, I am already the owner of the **BIG SICK ANNUAL #1** and, to complete my "LET US ENTERTAIN YOU" collection, I am enclosing **50¢** for which you will rush me the new **BIG SICK YEARBOOK**
- ☐ I enclose **\$1.00** for which I will receive both the **BIG ANNUAL** and the **BIG YEARBOOK**, which I will promptly mutilate in order to secure the two fabulous pop art masterpieces.
- ☐ I am too cheap to buy both the magnificent **ANNUAL** and the Incredible **YEARBOOK**, so I enclose **50¢** for one. Mainly, the . . .
- ☐ **FIRST BIG SICK ANNUAL**
- ☐ **NEW BIG SICK YEARBOOK**

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# Go 'Leep' V-6

(It's really fun!)



Just throw a 'Leep' in gear, and watch out you don't throw your spine out of gear. Yes, you could throw your back out of whack from a Flyin' 'Leep' ride. That's why a 'Leep' ride is great for the entire family (your doctor's family). Remember, even if a 'Leep' isn't built very solid, you have to be to survive the trip. You'll not only think you've got wings from a Flying 'Leep', you're liable to sprout them, once you're bounced out of this mobile mix-master at 75 miles an hour.



But, we guarantee you'll have a truly smooth ride (in the ambulance) where you'll be flat on your back in traction, in no time at all. That's what we mean when we say a Leep's 4-wheel drive leaves you totally relaxed. Besides being numb with fear.

Flying 'Leeps' come in several sensible colors: Bile Green ...Pale White...Nausea Yellow...Blood Red...and Undertaker's Black. We highly recommend the model with bucket seats.

After the bouncing around your insides get from a Flying 'Leep' ride, you're bound to find good use for a bucket! So, when you see your 'Leep' dealer, beat him to the punch, and tell him what he tries to tell you:

## GO TAKE A Flying 'Leep' FOR YOURSELF!

(Universally known for its rock-hard ride).